

# The SATURDAY REVIEW

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*is not now permitted*  
The ~~Only~~ Paper that ~~Does~~ to Tell You ~~All~~ The Truth

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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

"Forbidden to write my views, I am giving the views of others which coincide with my own, culled from many different sources."

.. LUCY HOUSTON.

"The men round these parts," writes Lady Houston from her yacht, "are very indignant about Sir Roger Keyes. They say our Sailor King is sure to reinstate him."

..

Mr. Baldwin has *always* called himself "Leader of the Conservative Party" and, if he is going to be the Prime Minister of a new Government, that Government must be called "Conservative" and not "National"—Mr. Baldwin was elected to Parliament solely and wholly by the votes of Conservative voters and "Conservative" is the only name a new Government with him as Prime Minister has a right to be called—for it to remain "National" would be unconstitutional, illegal, and a betrayal of the Conservatives who voted for him. To act as he proposes to do one would suppose that he was nervous or afraid. What has he to be afraid of? The name "National" was only created because Ramsay MacDonald, a Socialist, wanted an excuse for becoming Prime Minister of the "biggest Conservative majority ever known in the history of Parliament." This fact seems to have escaped Mr. Baldwin's memory—so we remind him that at the last General Election while

**11 MILLIONS (MILLIONS BE IT NOTED)**

**voted Conservative, only**

**809 THOUSANDS** voted National Liberal  
**and**

**343 THOUSANDS** voted National Socialist

And with the departure of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as Prime Minister the name

"National" is as dead as mutton, for which every patriot rejoices—must we say "EXCEPTING MR. BALDWIN?"

..

## What Need is there for a General Election?

The General Election is over, with a knock-out blow for the Socialists and two lovely black eyes—oh! what a surprise!—for the "National" Party.

What has the King's Jubilee shown the world? The faith, love, and abiding trust of the Nation and the whole Empire—such as the world has never witnessed—in our dearly loved King and Queen. Such loyalty and homage can only be likened to that given to his grandmother, Queen Victoria. It lies deep in the faithful hearts of us islanders and those of the same bulldog breed, true Britons, who have proudly journeyed from every corner of the earth by sea, by land and by air, to lay their heartfelt devotion at the feet of their King.

..

We are told that the King as a Constitutional Monarch cannot do anything without consulting the Ministers on all subjects. Moreover, he is bound to agree to what they advise. This is the question I should like to have answered. Is His Majesty, as a Constitutional Monarch, obliged to agree to an unconstitutional measure such as destroying and pulling down and failing to provide for the defence of the Empire? Would it not be right and proper for him, as a Constitutional Monarch, to refuse to agree to anything against the Constitution?

..

## Petty Snobs

Despite all the good-humoured crowding which was an inevitable concomitant of the Jubilee, I

have only contempt mixed with pity for those members of the smart supper crowd whose *blasé* indifference caused them deliberately to avoid the loyal, Royal manifestations in London in favour of a game of golf at the seaside and elsewhere. They thus missed an infinitely more impressive and spectacular experience than their little minds could possibly envisage.

*The Sphere.*

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### The Perfect Rest Cure

The perfect Rest Cure is an escape from letters, from telephones, and from all contact with the fret and fever of life. It is, in a word, relaxation. It is hard to relax every muscle, every nerve, and every variety of mental tension.



It is hard to escape from the outer world, but it is still harder to escape from the inner world of thought, with its intricate machinery, that goes on in its worn grooves. It is not enough to escape from others. It is also necessary to escape from yourself. JAMES DOUGLAS in the *Sunday Express*.

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### The Navy's Fuel

The Liberty Restoration League maintains that the State exists to protect the just rights of its citizens. It therefore denies that the Government is justified in pursuing its present policy of employing only foreign fuel, to the total extinction of British coal, as the motive power of the Navy.

Consideration of this subject from a material aspect falls under three heads:—

1. The relative efficiency of coal and oil from a technical standpoint.
2. The question of whether oil will be available in war.
3. The economic effect of unemployment in the coal-fields and tramp shipping.

Technically, it is not disputed that oil has certain advantages over coal, with the most outstanding exception that coal, unlike oil, affords valuable protection against enemy gun-fire.

Strategically, there are no grounds for assuming that oil will be available in sufficient quantities to the British fleet in time of war. Except for two small oil-fields in the Empire overseas, whose output is almost negligible, and the lowest in the world, the oil-fields are foreign-owned. Of these foreign-owned oil-fields the largest are in the

countries whose Governments could withhold supplies to Great Britain. In several important cases such action may be deemed probable. Alternatively, the Navy's oil requirements must completely dominate our foreign policy and strategy in peace and in war, if they do not actually involve us in war. Moreover, all the oil-fields of the world are at a great distance from British naval bases. In consequence, even if oil is not withheld at its source, there is no certainty of its safe arrival at British ports. During the last war, owing to enemy action at sea, food supplies in the United Kingdom fell to a very dangerous level, but during the next war a great part of the reduced Navy will be required to convoy, not food, but oil-tankers, whether full or in ballast.

Again, in the event of hostilities, it might be deemed necessary to employ an army to invade and occupy an oil-bearing country. But such unjustifiable action might be impossible owing to the immobility of the Army's sea transport and the greater part of its own transport and mechanised units.

Economically, the direct unemployment in the coal industry resulting from the Navy's oil policy is self-evident. Indirect unemployment, however, is greater still.

Any unsubsidised and economic extraction of oil from our own coal resources is to be welcomed. Such supplies of oil cannot, however, meet the needs of an exclusively oil-fired Navy and an oil-burning merchant fleet, but in due course they may be forthcoming on a scale which would provide, wholly or in part, for any emergency requirements in dual-fired warships.

At the present time, the strategical and economic evils of exclusive oil-firing outweigh completely the technical advantages of oil; but even these advantages can be retained by the system of dual-firing.

The Liberty Restoration League is therefore opposed to the present Naval oil policy for the following reasons:—

1. It amounts to relinquishment by the Government of its duty to protect the citizens from foreign aggression, or, alternatively, it must cause the Government's foreign policy to be based upon its oil requirements rather than upon its duty to support a cause which it believes to be right.
2. It is unjust to the citizens generally, who, at the present time, are compelled by law to pay for the maintenance of a Navy which cannot with any certainty be used for the purpose for which it is maintained.
3. It is unjust to the citizens engaged in the basic, national coal industry and in kindred industries.

### Sack the Socialists

Peace in the modern world is not to be obtained by leaving a rich and prospering nation open to attack.

It is only to be obtained by making attack so dangerous that no nation will embark upon it. . .

When the general election comes, let the voters of Great Britain who care for the safety and the prosperity of their country vote decisively.

Sack the Socialists ! . . .

The first President Roosevelt once laid down a guiding principle in diplomacy. It was simple and succinct :

" Speak softly—and carry a big stick."

The Socialists will neither speak softly nor carry a big stick.

If their antics are not curbed they will bring this country into a position of serious trouble and danger.

*Sunday Dispatch.*

[In the General Election of 1931 the Socialist opposition polled 6,642,000 votes against 11,926,000 polled by the Conservatives, or little over half the number.]

### A "What Is It?" Shot

A strange sea monster has been shot by a lighthouse keeper in Galway Bay.



It is 48 ft. long, 26 ft. in circumference, has a huge head, a long, scaly body ending in two knife-edge tails, and weighs four tons.

When the news reached Galway that a strange creature had been seen off Mutton Island lighthouse by fishermen, whose nets it had torn, a party set out from shore.

As they neared Mutton Island five shots rang out. They were just in time to see the giant leap from the water, lashing up a miniature tidal wave in its death agonies.

John Crowley, the lightkeeper, saw one of the creature's fins protruding from the water while tending his lights, so he went for his gun and shot it.

None of the experienced seamen who have inspected the carcase has ever seen or heard of anything like it.

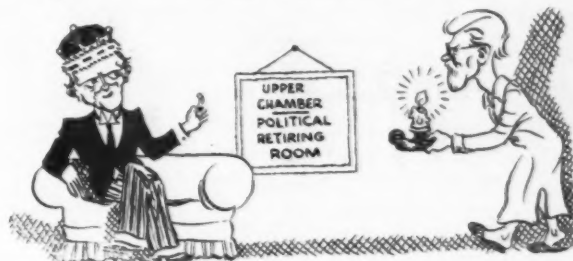
*Daily Express.*

### Political Prophecies

I make this declaration. Before the half-year is out, before July 1 next, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald,

our Prime Minister, will have vacated his high office.

I make this prophecy. Before the half-year is out, before July 1 next, he will have joined his former colleague and his one-time friend, Lord Snowden, on the benches of the House of Lords.



Now, of course, when Ramsay MacDonald goes, Mr. Baldwin comes in.

Will he make changes in the Government?

Certainly he will.

What will become of Sir John Simon? The Tories are after him.

Two hundred of them had a secret meeting last week in the House of Commons.

From right and from left Sir John Simon was attacked.

Some criticised him by saying he was making it too easy for Germany to re-arm.

Others declared that he was too dilatory in making friends with Germany.

While these dogs of war were barking at Sir John's heels, were the Whips cracking the curs away?

Not at all.

There is a real case against him, as well as deep feeling. And the case is this :

He has no foreign policy of any sort.

He will not declare for one thing or another.



He will not march towards collective security. He will not advance towards the encirclement of Germany.

Nor will he move forward in the direction of Splendid Isolation, which so many members would prefer.

*Sunday Express.*



### We Must Produce Our Own Food

This is a movement of the whole people. It is a plan for more food to protect our homes. It is an appeal to the reason of men and women who know that we must have food supplies in the hour of danger, and who realise that those supplies must be grown on the soil of Britain.

Our cry will be for peace and plenty. If we are to have the assurance of peace, we must be supplied with plenty of food at home.

And, do not doubt it, we can have enough food production in Britain to see us through the darkest days if only we get support, real, strong, and unswerving, through the mobilisation of public opinion here and now.

LORD BEVERBROOK in the *Sunday Express*.

### The Bonds of the Empire

Empire Day in the air.

Air and Empire are closely linked.

The most valuable bonds in any empire are its communications. The Romans knew that. Their roads were veins for their empire's life-blood.

But the speed of modern transport has made communications ten times more valuable. If Britons and Americans could have used airplanes to exchange their views in 1775 America might never have left the Empire.

The more air routes we open to keep the Empire together the fewer problems will arise to keep it apart.

*Sunday Express*.

### "Lawrence of Arabia"

A deep sense of national loss as been produced by the death of Colonel T. E. Lawrence, round whose name so many romances have been woven. His deeds in the war are too well known to need to be recorded, but it is a sad thing that his life after his triumphal entry into Damascus should have been so embittered, as it undoubtedly was, by the way our Government went back on its promises to its Arab friends, who had played such an important part in driving the Turks out of the war.

The long trans-Jordan campaign was carried out with the full authority of the British officials, but there was this difference in the result — that the Arabs kept faith: we did not. It was for this reason that he walked out of the Peace Conference at Paris, and refused any honours for himself after the war. He would have nothing for himself when he felt that he was appearing to have betrayed his Arab friends, and when Palestine was being handed over to the Zionist section of Jewry.

That may strike our present-day politicians as a peculiar trait of character (although they dwell on the sanctity of Party pledges), but Britons all the

world over will honour Lawrence of Arabia, and feel bitter shame at the national failure to back the promises their representative made to the Arabs.

*The Patriot*.

### London's Mascot

Writing about the recent Jubilee celebrations "Le Temps" talks about the bronze Eros in



Piccadilly—"The Mascot of London"—and remarks that everything went wrong with England when it was removed, but that now, replaced on its pedestal it has welcomed the Sovereigns with a smile.

### Socialist Clap-Trap

In face of the realities which have awakened the Government (and the country), the Socialists still seek refuge in phrases and in dreams. Major Attlee would seem to deny that the nation has the right to defend itself or even to make provision for its defence. He takes great comfort in "collective security"; he wants to see "all air power in the hands of the League"; he looks forward to an "international police force," and national disarmament. In fact, he would have his own country made defenceless and placed at the mercy of a mainly foreign and entirely incalculable organisation.

The time is past when the Labour Party can delude the electorate with such clap-trap. They will have to face more real issues. Do they believe, in the face of German preparations, that Herr Hitler's professions are a sufficient guarantee to justify further delay in "looking to our moat," in providing our defences? Major Attlee, himself, finds Herr Hitler's propositions in some respects unsatisfactory. Yet he is willing to take risks in the vital matter of time while we are testing out the sincerity of these professions.

He is willing that Germany should go on arming, while Great Britain remains disarmed until by the dilatory methods of conference we shall have decided how far we can afford to place our trust in such assurances.

If this is the Socialist contribution to this vital problem, which involves nothing less than life itself, we can hardly suppose that it will find itself in touch with an awakened nation.

*Morning Post*.



### Stolen Embassy Plate

Sir W. Davison (C., Kensington, S.) asked the Lord Privy Seal whether the definite reply for which the Russian Soviet Government were asked by the British Government in March last with regard to the plate and furniture stolen from the British Embassy in Petrograd in 1918 by officials of the Soviet Government had been received.

Mr. Eden, who was greeted with cheers on his first appearance in the House since his illness, said that representations had been made, but he had not heard what had happened.

Sir W. Davison—Is it not discourteous to the British Government to allow an important matter of this kind to remain two months without reply? Is it not full time the property taken from the Government, including valuable property in the safes at the Embassy, should be restored, considering it was taken by Soviet officials?

Mr. Eden—We considered it a matter of importance, otherwise we should not have made representation. Perhaps my friend and I have not the same standard of relative importance.

*Morning Post.*

### Air Defence Plea

Addressing a meeting of the National League of Airmen at St. John's Institute, Burgess Hill, Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., the president, said that the British Empire depended for its safety on aeroplanes which were obsolete:

"In neutral countries in which I have been," he remarked, "the men at the head of affairs have asked: 'Why does Great Britain adopt this attitude of humility? Why does she not realise that she is the greatest country in the world, and that if she can be strong enough to say her word is law she will have no war?'"

Capt. Macmillan declared that Britain had only 572 front line aeroplanes for home defence, and of these 168 were single-seater fighters. These were needed for the defence of London, and there was none for Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham and Edinburgh.

*Daily Mail.*

♦♦

"The Pick-Up": "A lot of to-day's trouble arises from workers who don't think and thinkers who don't work."

*Catholic Herald.*

# The Wreckers

By Kim

OUR Ministers can make as many mistakes as they choose, even when it comes to leaving the nation in jeopardy of utter defeat! And they can still continue to hold the reins of power.

IN PAST DAYS THE REVELATIONS OF THE NEGLECT OF OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES WOULD HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENT TO OVERTHROW ANY GOVERNMENT, but apparently the new fashion is that the less the Minister does to protect the nation from defeat in the event of war the more powerful he becomes in the House of Commons. Certainly the less money spent on national defence the more left to bribe the proletariat.

The *Saturday Review*, in company with only a few other newspapers has consistently warned the nation of the deliberate neglect of our Air Force, our Navy and our Army. Its information has been correct. Mr. Baldwin's *apologia* was no news to us. Only recently Lady Houston wrote in plain words a warning, when she said that unless England pours out all her wealth in a great campaign of preparation for war throughout the whole Empire—by building the greatest Navy in the world—in conjunction with the Empire, we are doomed. Yet nothing has been done and nothing has been formulated.

And what has been done to endeavour to bring the Air Force up to a level which will enable it to defend this country if at any given moment war breaks out? Limited recruitment of the Air Force, which is worse than nothing. New aerodrome sites are being surveyed. Threats have been handed out to the aircraft manufacturers that they must not profiteer, but so far there has been no undue hurry to give out orders, although we

are so helplessly in arrears, whilst other countries are building ceaselessly and widening the gap that unhappily exists, thanks to the fantastic policy that the fat lamb can lie down safely with the wolves.

Mr. Baldwin is about to become Prime Minister, as he could have been and should have been in 1931. We hear much of the shuffling of Ministerial posts. But in spite of his enormous Conservative majority he intends to continue calling the Government "National."

Yet five Conservative Members of Parliament last week had the courage and sincerity to repudiate the "National" Government and all its works. All honour to the Duchess of Atholl, Lt.-Com. Astbury, Sir Joseph Nall, Mr. Linton Thorpe, K.C., and Lt.-Com. A. J. K. Todd, who told Mr. Baldwin that they no longer wish to receive the "National" Whips.

The India Bill is the main reason for their repudiation of the sham "National" Government, the lack of protection to agriculture another. The gist of their revolt is that the Government's policy has seemed "more appropriate to a Socialist Government than to be overwhelmingly dependent on Conservative and Unionist votes." We want a revolt of another hundred like these five stalwarts to put things right. It is ridiculous to argue, as a Rothermere organ did, that the only alternative to the "National" Government is a Socialist Government. Conservatives want Conservatism and *not* one brand of Socialism canvassing for their support against another! Mr. Baldwin is in Parliament by the votes of Conservatives—let him remember this fact—only base ingratitude can make him forget it.

# Air Plan Ambiguities

By Boyd Cable

**I**T is unfortunate that when our Ministers make public statements about the Royal Air Force and air strength they usually manage to leave an impression that they are not putting all the cards on the table.

In the debate last week on our air defence plans, it might seem at a first reading that we had been given all the necessary facts as to numbers of first line machines, personnel, stations and equipment, recruiting and training. On a careful re-reading, however, there again appears that old suggestion of facts being put in a way that makes them mystifying, if not accidentally or intentionally misleading.

For example, the Secretary for Air, speaking of flying personnel, said "there are 2,700 fully trained pilots on the active list of the Royal Air Force." Further on, after reference to "an actual first line figure of 580 machines at the present day" he stated that the first line strength in machines is to be raised to 1,500, emphasising this by saying "In short, we are nearly trebling the strength of the Royal Air Force at home to-day," and that we "shall have 2,500 more pilots."

## PILOTS AND PLANES

If you sift out and co-relate those various statements, here is what you get—for our present 580 machines we have 2,700 trained pilots on the active list; and when we have treble the number of machines we shall have less than double the number of pilots.

I believe the average reader will conclude from these statements either that the present R.A.F. is far in excess of any required strength in pilots, or, alternatively, that the expanded R.A.F. will be deficient in them.

On the face of it, 2,700 pilots for 580 machines (apart from other pilots in training and those in reserve) would seem an extravagant number of pilots on active list first line strength. Lord Londonderry may have meant to convey that the 2,700 included all pilots at home and abroad; but, if so, there would appear to be little point in quoting figures which had nothing to do with the subject under discussion and the basis on which he was building his speech—the strength of home defence.

I am confident, too, that the general public would suppose this figure of 2,700 "fully trained pilots on the active list" to refer to the men in the R.A.F. whose present job it is to fly or pilot a machine, and that if we were in a state of war tomorrow those men would be available for that duty.

A good many of us may suppose that we have nothing like that number for that duty. At a rough guess we might say that only perhaps half that number would be available, because the total includes hundreds of officers from Air Marshals and Staff Officers down to experts subordinate

officers in the many highly specialised and technical branches who would neither be expected nor allowed to get off the ground.

It would have been so easy to state plainly that we have on the active list so many men available as pilots, so many more necessarily tied to executive and administrative duties on the ground; and that we are adding 2,500 pilots of whom only so many will be on flying, or, if required, air fighting duties. Instead of any such statement, we have that mystifying one which once again will make readers wonder "where's the catch?"

All the references to "first line strength" again must raise doubts as to the exact meaning of the phrase when we recall the very different interpretation of it given a short time ago by two responsible statesmen, one saying emphatically it included machines in reserve, the other with equal emphasis that it did not.

There is another point on which Lord Londonderry and Mr. Baldwin left a gap or a doubt in our minds as to the Government's intentions. We have been told that new and advanced types of machines are being put into production and that these will be pushed forward to come into use by the expanded Air Force. We have not been told whether the machines which are already—and for some time back have been—obsolete will be scrapped and entirely replaced by modern machines equal to Germany's best.

## NEW TYPES FOR OLD?

The Secretary for Air said clearly that we shall have the newer types issued to squadrons in the next two years. He left quite unsatisfied, because uninformed, those critics who have complained for so long that many or most of our present types are as out of date and as inferior as were the poor old slow and unhandy machines of ours which were so much "dead meat" to the Germans' fast fighting scouts in the days of the "Fokker Scourge."

We were told we are to have 71 new squadrons in the next two years. We are not told whether any of these will be Territorial Squadrons, or if so how many of them. To some of the public—even perhaps to a large number of politicians—a Squadron is a Squadron, and there is little if any difference between Regular and Territorial. I am sure the men of the Territorial or Auxiliary Squadrons will be the first and most eager to insist that there is and always must be a difference.

The question is the more important because hitherto it has been a practice to lump all together in any statements about first line air strength. Reading the speeches on the expansion plans it would seem that all the new Squadrons are to be Regular R.A.F. Reading between the lines it might mean nothing of the sort.

It would have been so easy to have made a clear and straight-forward statement on all these points.

# THE BIG RACE

Whene'er I go, on Derby Day,  
And stand on Epsom Downs,  
And watch the sturdy public lay,  
Its "thick 'uns" and half crowns  
On this or that unlikely steed  
That out of all the lot  
May show the fastest turn of speed,  
But usually does not.

Is there a race, I ask myself,  
That lives beneath the sun,  
Which thinks so little of its pelf,  
And so much of its fun?  
They smile if Fortune looks their way,  
But are not overcast,  
If some ill-favoured creature they  
Have fancied comes in last.

Some back the jockey, some the horse,  
Some have the usual hunch;  
Some find a tipster on the course,  
And others at their lunch.  
And by and by they go their way,  
Enriched or may be broke,  
But life's a gamble any way,  
So why not see the joke?

I turn me to another spot,  
Where politicians race,  
And, though the pace is not too hot,  
Contend for power and place.  
Where now the Tory, now the Red,  
Is leading by a nose,  
The Great Westminster Stakes are sped  
At odds that never close.

With eager feet they spurn the track,  
As when the race began;  
To-day the favourite's Ramsay Mac.,  
To-morrow Sticktight Stan.  
But whether first or whether last,  
The same old horses run,  
The same old plugs go ambling past  
The grand stand one by one.

And still the backers hope for gain,  
Whate'er the odds may be;  
They plank ten bob on Chamberlain,  
Or one on J.H.T.  
Eden's a snip at 5 to 4,  
And so is Runciman,  
But no one's backing Sammy Hoare,  
For he's an also ran.

Some think that Simon John has got  
The legs but not the heart;  
Some say L.G. would beat the lot,  
If only he could start.  
But oftener than not, one sees,  
The backers' faith is pinned  
To favourites groggy at the knees  
Or broken in the wind.

HAMADRYAD.



# The Road to Destruction

By M. B.

**S**PEAKING in the House of Lords on May 15th, Lord Rothermere said that England to-day was facing the most terrible danger she had ever had to face in all her history. In the past she had withstood and beaten back the mighty galleons of Philip of Spain, she had successfully frustrated Napoleon's attempts at invasion, but attack from the air was a peril she did not yet know how to intercept.

"When I read," Lord Rothermere continued, "of the proposal of the Government that there should be five hundred, or a thousand, aeroplanes, it seems childish in itself and useless for the purposes of defending this country. I agree with Lord Mottistone that we should spend £100,000,000 on defence. I think it may be £100,000,000 a year. In this country we have to spend £5 for every £1 spent in Germany. Nearly all their labour is free, even though it is conscripted. The money they receive is infinitesimal. There is an appalling lack of knowledge on this subject. I spent the best part of the last two years trying to enthuse the people of this country in a campaign for the enlargement of our Air Force. So far I have met with very little success. If we have the support of Lord Mottistone and others, it will be brought home to the working classes that these are not the days of 1914 but of 1935, when at any moment a surprise aerial war may be waged against this country."

## DARK SHADOWS

A surprise aerial war! Here indeed is the keynote of England's peril to-day. To many of us the Great War is such a vivid, ever-present memory that we are apt to forget that twenty-one years have passed since the August of 1914, twenty-one years that have seen overwhelming, bewildering changes, and the dawning of an era of speed which has revolutionised the whole aspect of life, bringing with it the growth, development and expansion of a new force which sweeps everything before it, linking up the furthest corners of the earth, making distance of no account, bringing a novel, intoxicating thrill to those who are air-minded, but at the same time also, a new and terrifying menace to the peace of the world.

Aeroplanes! Tiny black specks in the sky, and before there is time for preparation or flight or defence they will be over us! Dark shadows, sweeping across the golden cornfields, the quiet woods, the teeming cities! Carrying death and destruction, poison and disease.

Lord Rothermere is not the only one who has warned England of her danger! Again and again statesmen, soldiers and writers, and the *Saturday Review*, have called to the Government to prepare and make ready some defence for the people, and the Government has remained as deaf to this call as the Government of 1914, to whom

Lord Roberts appealed in vain, urging the vital necessity of some kind of action to make ready for the war which he knew was inevitable.

And now in 1935 the danger is even greater. In 1914 there was that terrifying nightmare of an unprepared Nation brought suddenly to grips with a nation, armed and prepared and trained to the ninth degree, there were the heroic units of that "contemptible little army" sent out to face the overwhelming hordes of the Kaiser's mighty forces. But now in 1935 the unprepared state of the country is even more deplorable; the "Old Contemptibles" are few and scattered, and England will have to face a new war arm, whose infinite and terrible possibilities have never yet been fully realised.

"If the attack of the future," said Mr. Kipling, speaking to the Royal Society of St. George, "is to be on the same swift, all-in lines as our opponents' domestic administration, it is possible that before we are aware our country may have joined those submerged races of history who passed their children through fire to Moloch in order to win credit with their gods."

## THE PRICE OF DELAY

And the attack of the future will be swift, from whichever direction it comes! It will leave no time for last-minute equipment, for the hasty erection of defences and barrages. The Government, who now, at last, have awakened to the urgency of the situation, may find that the programme which they are laying down for aerial expansion has been too long delayed, and that the blind obstinacy of their policy of disarmament has betrayed the country entrusted to their charge, has jeopardised the security of their own homes and exposed those nearest and dearest to them to a mortal danger.

Too many months have been allowed to slip by in useless arguments and discussions, which have all led nowhere. And meanwhile the people, trusting in the Government who are paid to look after their interests, have waited patiently, have listened to the bland promises and ambiguous phrases which have lulled them into a false security and blinded them to the true position. Every other country has taken steps to defend the civilian population, in case of aerial attack: every other country has made provisions and organised defences and protections. Only in England have these preparations been neglected and deferred, and by this procrastination England has been laid open to a mortal peril. England, once so proud of her impervious position, of her unconquered shores, is now the most defenceless country in Europe, brought to this pass by the hypocritical peace conferences of her leaders who, instead of building up, have dragged us down, down, down to the road that leads to destruction.

# England's Duty is to Lead

By Colonel Sir Thomas A. Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

THAT England is a nation specially appointed to lead the nations of the world is a doctrine which appears to make present-day politicians shake in their miserable shoes, but it was the faith of all the great men and women in days gone by, however different each from each in their political outlook. "Let not England forget her precedence in teaching nations how to live," commanded Milton. "A nation, as an individual, has duties to fulfil appointed by God and moral law," wrote Disraeli. "We are the first race in the world," proclaimed Cecil Rhodes, "and the more of the world we inherit the better it is for the human race." Finally, the Society of St. George has it, "When God wants a hard thing done, He tells it to his Englishmen."

Now either our great ancestors filled their minds with and founded their lives on worthless sentiment, or we to-day, sunk in moral decline and enfeeblement, are deliberately shirking our duty to the world. Is Disraeli right—or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald? Should we follow Milton—or Mr. Arthur Henderson? Let us consider, very briefly, England's contributions to the welfare of the world, and decide whether this country should lead or should deliberately sink to the level of a third-rate Power, completely unable to enforce her word or maintain her Empire.

Without exaggeration we may claim as a most astonishing thing in the history of mankind the great number of individual English men and women whose life work, entirely voluntary and blessedly unofficial, has set afoot movements which have changed the face of the whole world. Florence Nightingale was inspired with an idea, and the Red Cross and the hospital nurses of the world teemed from it. Josephine Butler sprang to a great fight, repugnant to her every inclination, and but for her there would be no international concern with the white slave traffic. Lord Baden-Powell thought of a pair of shorts, and the boyhood of Europe is happier and healthier.

## *The Strength of Conquerors*

These names could be multiplied by hundreds did space permit, for to lighten and brighten lives has been our constant service, and Ruskin might well say, "The English laugh is the purest and truest in the metal that can be minted. And, indeed, only Heaven can know what the country owes to it." For it is ever to be remembered that such people could be born in no other land. Theirs was the certainty bred out of quiet and secure centuries, the individualism which only springs from long liberty and a habit of quoting Magna Carta, the strength which fills the breasts only of a conquering race, a race so powerful that it need no longer preoccupy itself solely with national problems.

A Bulgarian I frequently quote summed up the

situation exactly: "I have seen your lions in Trafalgar Square," he said. "They are placid, kindly, well-fed lions, drowsing over the full satisfaction of Empire. But the lions of other countries are thin, hungry lions. They will snatch at a good meal." In other words, the country which can give out most good to the world is the country which is beyond cause for little jealousies, or a corroding fear for its own existence, and to fling away our security now, or to deny our job of tidying up the world, is to deprive the world of its mightiest and most desirable force.

For our institutions are animated by the same spirit as our individuals. How many towns, for instance, in which earthquake has wrought havoc, have received their first comfort from the British Navy? References to such humane services are tucked away in four newspaper lines time after time, as if they were of no importance, and few remember now how our ships checked the trade in slaves, but it may be truly said that the men of the Navy have rescued at least as many as its guns have broken.

## *"If You Break Faith . . ."*

The material comfort and richness of the world, to say nothing of its increased cleanliness, morally and physically, is largely our work. To take one aspect of it alone—George Louis Beer, a United States historian, having investigated whether we benefited as much as other nations from the vast areas we opened up to the world in the nineteenth century, concluded that, owing to the policy of non-exclusion which we deliberately pursued, the others probably benefited more, though theirs was none of the initial stress and labour. Whole volumes could be filled with details of that aspect of our national life, the aspect which provoked Milton to exclaim, "Let not England forget her precedence in teaching nations how to live!" Yet now it is proposed on many sides that we deny our high destiny, shrink fearfully from our responsibilities, and timidly propose peace instead of commanding it!

Away with these puppets who blunder about the stage our ancestors controlled! Near voices in a mighty shout direct us, in words now "cut" by cowards from our anthologies and recitations—

*Take up our quarrel with the foe.*

*To you, from failing hands, we throw*

*The torch; be yours to keep it high.*

*If you break faith with us who die,*

*We shall not sleep, though poppies grow*

*In Flanders' fields.*

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!" The call rings out, imperative, whether that foe be militaristic oppression abroad, or a slushy sentimentality and cowardice at home, that would deny England's destiny and her "precedence in teaching nations how to live."



# Mussolini Clears the Air

By Robert Machray

WHAT happened at Geneva last week? According to the majority of our newspapers of various shades Mr. Anthony Eden, now a fairly hot favourite for the post of Foreign Secretary in the event of the transference of Sir John Simon, "all unwilling," to the Home Office or somewhere else, returned to London after achieving no fewer than three "outstanding triumphs" for himself and the League of Nations. It may be admitted, to start with, that the League stands in need of all the triumphs it can get, but the chief of these coming out of that meeting of the Council was stated to be a settlement of the controversy between Italy and Abyssinia.

It was grandiloquently asserted in one prominent journal, conspicuous for its devotion to our Government, that this particular "triumph" consisted in an arbitration agreement between these two Powers, which had averted threatened hostilities and the possible defection of Italy from the League. The two other "triumphs" were the closing of the Yugoslav-Hungarian dispute and the upholding of the League's High Commissioner in a Danzig quarrel; but these were of much less importance, and the interest of our public was held to and concentrated on what had taken place respecting the so-called settlement of the East African affair.

## Compromise—Not Settlement

Brilliantly the spot-light burned and blazed over Eden and Geneva! That was on Sunday last and even to some extent on Monday, though on that day the light was beginning to dim a little, as was indicated by the publication of a searching, if somewhat sarcastic, leading article in the *Manchester Guardian*, entitled "A Limited 'Triumph.'" The truth was, of course, that a compromise had been effected, with a very restricted agreement, the net result being in reality the postponement of any settlement of all the major questions involved till August.

At that date there may perhaps be more negotiations, with more to follow, as is so much the fashion to-day, but there may be a completely different outcome, for it should be noted—and this is where the "triumph" is so definitely limited—that Signor Mussolini positively declined to give a pledge that Italy would not have recourse to force; nor did he promise to cease from sending more troops to the Italian colonies. And, as a plain matter of fact, he is dispatching more and more troops out there.

But, if there was any doubt regarding the situation, Mussolini himself, in a speech on Sunday in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, took good care to dispel it. For one thing, he declared that the vaunted arbitration agreement was confined to one question alone, namely, whether or not Ual Ual, the oasis where there was fighting some months

ago, was Italian; and, for another, he stated that the Abyssinian menace was "real, grave and steadily increasing." Nobody, he added, must cherish "excessive illusions" about the position. Indeed, the more the "triumph" is considered, the more limited it is seen to be. The poor old League, however, has had another respite, but its hour will come.

Whatever were the lights and shadows in Herr Hitler's speech on Tuesday of last week, there was precious little encouragement for the League—so much was exceedingly clear. The first of his Thirteen Points was the rejection of the Geneva decision of April 17, condemning Germany for violating Part V of the Versailles Treaty—a decision, he said, that could not assist her to return to the League. More than that, his determination to sign only non-aggression pacts and not mutual assistance pacts, meaning thereby neutrality *vis-à-vis* belligerents, cuts right across the fabric of that collective security which is identified with the League.

## Troops for Europe

In his review of the general situation Mussolini agreed that Hitler's Points could not be accepted or rejected as a whole, but he instanced Austrian independence as a matter on which Hitler was obscure, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, he went on to warn everybody concerned that Fascist Italy had no intention of restricting her historic mission solely to the Austrian problem. On an earlier occasion he had said that Italy had plenty of troops for Europe as well as Abyssinia. He spoke with approval of the Franco-Italian agreement, as it had established conditions for effective collaboration between the two Latin States, but he noted that the Stresa Conference had established the solidarity of the three Western Powers only on *certain* questions.

As is well known, Mussolini does not have too high an opinion of our wobble-wobble Government, but even he must have been astounded by the extraordinary and almost complete flop-over of Mr. Baldwin to Germany in his speech in the House of Commons on Wednesday of last week. Hitler had played well and cleverly for sympathy on the part of our fatuous Government—and he got it!

Yet the fundamental thing remains, as Hitler was at no pains to conceal, and that is the prodigious rearmament of Germany. We may be sure that he will not consider for a moment any reduction, for Germany is based on *Machtpolitik*, that is, power-politics, and on nothing else. As regards the air, Germany from her central position in Europe and her capacity for mass production has an enormous advantage over us, and it will take us all our time to make ourselves even reasonably safe. Is Baldwin the man for such an effort?



## RACING

## Great Derby Failures

By David Learmonth

**S**ELDOM has a Derby favourite been considered more unbeatable than the Aga Khan's first string this year. A short-priced favourite already, the mishap to Bobsleigh has made him unbackable at any price commensurate with the risks of the race. At the same time the bookmakers cannot be expected to give longer odds, for no competent judge of racing can find anything to beat the favourite, and the public have small inclination to back anything else. By every calculation Bahram should win on his head: he is the outstanding horse of his year, he has an absolutely first-class jockey and a first-class trainer. The only thing is, will he?

Do not imagine from this that I do not fancy Bahram. On the contrary, I think him as great a certainty as does anyone else. I have also backed him. But a glance at the history of the Derby will suffice to show how the best of things can go wrong in this race.

## UNLUCKY COLOMBO

Only last year few thought that Colombo would be beaten, and, great horse as Windsor Lad undoubtedly is, I am still of the opinion that Lord Glanely's colt was unlucky. He had anything but a comfortable journey, and at the critical moment Johnstone found himself shut in and had to pull back and come round other horses, swinging wide at the turn and losing more ground than he was beaten by.

The fate of Orwell must also be fresh in our minds. I remember clearly how many people regarded him as unbeatable, though, in this case, I did not think he would stay the distance. Faith in him may have been partly due to the wish being father to the thought; for his owner, the late Mr. Washington Singer, a sporting patron of the turf if ever there was one, was lying ill, and numbers of people hoped that he would be given the tonic of hearing that his horse had won the Derby. Orwell, however, never looked like winning.

A little further back, that good-looking black colt of Sir Alec Black's, The Panther, crosses our mind. After his showing in the Two Thousand Guineas there were many who thought he had only to run at Epsom to win. But on the day the unusual crowds upset his temperament so much that he was but a sweating bag of quivering nerves long before the start. He ran indifferently, and a fortune changed hands.

Then there was the case of The Tetrarch. He never ran for the Derby, so whether or not he would have won it no one can tell. But a long time before the race he was carrying an unprecedented amount of public money. Suddenly, out of the blue, the news came that he had met with a mishap.

It must have been the bitterest moment of Mr. "Atty" Persse's life, for if ever a trainer had the

horse of a century, so far as home trials were concerned, Mr. Persse had one then. Recently he disclosed to the late Sidney Galtrey exactly what The Tetrarch accomplished in those trials. The first result was so phenomenal that Mr. Persse could not bring himself to believe that it was correct. But subsequent trials proved that Major McCalmont's grey was as good or even better, as the first gallop indicated. A horse in a century, yet the bookmakers won what bets had been made—and there were some bets, too!

The Tetrarch was not the only grey to be unlucky over the Derby. He never ran in the race; but Mr. Bower Ismay's Craganour, in 1913, not only ran but won, only to lose the fruits of victory.

The stewards disqualified him on their own initiative for bumping and boring and started a controversy which has not been forgotten to this day. They never made any further statement on the matter even to their most intimate friends and, as they are now all dead, nothing more about the "inside" history of the matter will ever be known.

Rumours will continue to be bandied about and, doubtless, some day or another a turf "historian" will have a marvellous tale to tell. But who shall say that the stewards were not right in keeping silence? They were there to do their duty according to what they considered to be right; and this they did.

## HUNDRED-TO-ONE WINNERS

The disqualification of Craganour gave the coveted prize to the unconsidered outsider Aboyeur, whose price was returned at a hundred to one. An exceedingly moderate Derby winner he was, too, one of the worst that has ever won the race. He achieved no further distinction in England, but was exported to Russia as a stallion.

There was jubilation in the ring also when the Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorinetta won the Derby, also at a hundred to one. Why she was allowed to start at so long a price I have never been able to understand, seeing that she was extremely well bred and that her owner had already gained a substantial success in England some years before.

However, she turned out a real "skinner" for the book, since hardly a farthing was on her, and then proceeded to win the Oaks as though she wanted to show that her victory had been no fluke.

But perhaps one of the most dramatic Derbys was when Sceptre was beaten in 1902. Bert Randall made running and the filly was beaten out of a place. Yet she won the Oaks in good enough style. Fillies, of course, can be funny creatures.

So, although I can find nothing to beat Bahram, (I think any of Theft, Hairan, Fairhaven, Field Trial or Sea Bequest may be worth place money) I shall not tear my hair if by some mischance he is beaten. For that is the Derby.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## Their Majesties' Greatness

MY LADY,

You have indeed an aptitude for happy descriptions and your caption "The Miracle Man" under the photograph of His Majesty on the cover of the last issue of the *Saturday Review* was one of your happiest.

Our King is indeed a miracle man. By his unflinching tact and prescience he has steered the country through twenty-five of the most difficult years of our history. Long may he reign over us.

H. B. ASHTON.

Hayes, Middlesex.

## The Queen's Jewels

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I heartily thank you for publishing in the *Saturday Review* a splendid photograph of Her Majesty the Queen and her two lovely grand-daughters.

This pretty picture reminds me that, sixty-six years ago, when I was a boy patient in St. Thomas' Hospital, H.R.H. Alexandra, Princess of Wales, visited the ward. The late Queen spoke to all the patients and gave me five shillings for some fancy work the kind nurse had shown me how to make.

At Jubilee time this year I wrote a letter of congratulation to Her Majesty and, to my great surprise, received a letter from the Queen's Private Secretary saying he had been commanded to convey Her Majesty's sincere thanks.

J. L. HOOPER.

Plymouth.

## German E. Africa and Tanganyika

SIR,—Before 1914, we had, I think, four large and exceedingly well-trained companies of E. African Rifles. Two of these were what were styled Sudanese and were made up of the residue of the Emir's old troops and their offspring, and various Nilotic, Lur, and Zambé recruits.

They were a most excellent fighting lot, and had served on most of the Unyoro, Uganda, and Somali Frontiers.

An order for economy came from the Colonial Office, and it was decided to break up a Sudanese Company, notwithstanding the protests of the Governor at Nairobi. At this time there arrived at Nairobi an Englishman—with shooting Safari—from German East Africa and he described the raising and drilling of Askari companies by German officers under a young German called Von Lettow. The disbandment, nevertheless, was ordered to be carried out, and our Sudanese gradually filtered over the frontiers and became the backbone of many German companies.

In a few years they were constantly known in Northey's columns, when we were up against our old friends.

Meanwhile time went on, and our remaining companies increased and increased, and the rank and file formed the N.C.O. and officer class of, I believe, over 30,000 native troops raised in Uganda and E. Africa.

Von Lettow put up a splendid show, as is well known, and it took years of hard fighting to capture German East Africa with Dar-es-Salaam and the coast.

The country is now well policed, governed by tribal chiefs under British orders, has a small and efficient patrol, excellent agricultural and other institutions.

Two reasons against the mad idea of handing this immense territory back to Germany have not been noticed sufficiently: the danger to our naval forces of allowing again a naval station and harbour such as Dar-es-Salaam to be occupied by Germany, and the handing over without consultation of enormous tribes of Africans, now happy and contented with our rule, without any possible safeguard as to their future. This is absolutely opposed to our South African policy.

ASKARI.

## The Speed Limits

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. D. M. K. Marendaz claims that it is as easy to kill at 80 m.p.h. as it is at 50 m.p.h. This is an argument which seems to be beloved of motorists in criticising the speed limit, but it does not require an engineer to prove conclusively that it is fallacious.

It is only common sense that a car travelling at 50 m.p.h. (a) requires a greater distance in which to pull up in an emergency and (b) by its speed reduces the time available for avoiding an accident. Thus the faster car is more dangerous than the slower on both counts, to which may be added the psychological effect on potential victims.

Many people (especially the aged, who are amongst motorists' most frequent victims) become bewildered by streams of fast moving vehicles and, apart from this, pedestrians in general have found crossing roads infinitely easier and less perilous since the 30 m.p.h. limit has been in force.

Motorists must consider the feelings of other road users, unless they wish to be confined to special tracks like the railway trains whose speeds they seek to emulate.

E. J. NORRIS.

45, Grange Road, Ealing, W.5.

[Motorists would welcome special tracks in many cases. Unfortunately the money with which to construct them has been dishonestly diverted by the Government into other channels.—Ed.]

## Law Revision Committee and Married Women

SIR,—May I call attention to a limitation in the Report of the Law Revision Committee on Women's Contracts and Torts which would seem to affect adversely the commercial community as well as limiting the freedom to contract of the married woman.

I refer to the proposal that the abolition of the restraint on anticipation should apply to future settlements only.

The Committee's proposal to put the married woman in the same position as a man in respect of property, contracts, torts, bankruptcy, litigation in these matters, and judgments, frees the married woman from anomalous restrictions and puts traders in a stronger position to enforce their rights against her.

The above mentioned limitation, however, seems for both the married woman and the person who does business with her to take away with one hand what appears to have been given with the other, at least so far as women now married with restrained property are concerned.

For these women, and those who have dealings with them, the complicated erection built up by the patching of the married woman's law on this point is to continue.

These women are still prohibited from making any contract with respect, for example, to future restrained income. They cannot, if they are in business or want to go into business, raise money on it. Their creditors cannot attach restrained income before it falls due.

These women continue to be more troublesome and more dangerous to do business with.

And it is proposed to continue these complications for another 50 or 60 years—so long as any of these women survive. To continue to treat some married women as legally abnormal persons in this respect is bad for all married women, and for all persons having dealings with married women. The trader can't always be asking: "Is your property subject to a restraint?"

Surely "modern conditions" require that this legal lumber should be swept away. The Committee itself has stigmatised the restraint as from one point of view a not very creditable means of defeating a married woman's creditors. The Committee has also said that the continuance of the restraint is no longer consistent with the position of the married woman. Is it possible that the business community and the feminists can join together to ensure that the prospective legislation will abolish from all settlements now this not very creditable machinery for enabling the married woman to defeat her creditors?

CHRISTAL MACMILLAN.

4, Pump Court, E.C.4.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## Legion Betrays Victorian Settlers

SIR,—In your issue of the 11th instant you have an article about the refusal of the British Legion to accept a Resolution submitted by the Morden Branch re Victorian Settlers on the plea that it was received one day too late.

It appears to me that this action is quite *ultra vires* according to the constitution of the Legion. The Standing Committee who are apparently responsible for this step quite overlook the fact that the object of the Legion is to render help to all those who put forward a just and reasonable case, and they are perfectly well aware of the present plight of the remaining settlers, also that further assistance has been refused by the Dominion Office.

It is beyond my comprehension why this adverse attitude is being adopted—surely no influence is being brought to bear on the British Legion by the Dominion Office, who are making every endeavour to hush matters up?

The object of procuring jobs for a few prominent settlers on the Miik Board was with a view to breaking up our Association—so I sincerely hope that the Morden Branch, with the help of Stoke Newington, will eventually succeed in getting the Resolution accepted.

I am beginning to wonder if British justice is a myth; it has certainly appeared so to some of us lately.

ALBERT G. HOUGH  
Captain (late R.E.)

48a, Elm Park Gardens,  
Selsdon, Surrey.

## Shelving the Issue

SIR,—I should like to voice the opinion of my Committee and members with regard to the refusal, by Standing Orders Committee, British Legion, to place the resolutions submitted by our Morden Branch of the Legion on the agenda for the coming Annual Conference, for the alleged reason that they were too late.

I would in the first place point out, however, that the resolutions were definitely not too late; for I, in company with the Branch Secretary, posted the letter containing the resolutions in ample time for them to arrive at Headquarters in accordance with instructions.

We can, therefore, only look on it as an attempt to stifle criticism, for Headquarters have not carried out the resolution No. 89, passed unanimously by Conference in 1934.

The British Legion deputation, led by General Sir Frederick Maurice, that saw Mr. J. H. Thomas, Dominions Secretary, was a fiasco and lasted less than five minutes. It did not gain any concession for the Settlers, as stated by Headquarters in "Action Taken." *The Concession was gained by a deputation of M.P.'s received by Mr. J. H. Thomas one day prior to the Legion Deputation.*

I, in company with my Committee, and members of three different Legion branches, were received by Mr. Griffin the following day at Headquarters and he then expressed both his and the N.E.C. dissatisfaction with the result of the deputation, and the total inadequacy of the grant made by the Government, to meet the situation.

Then followed the shelving tactics, through the channels of which Headquarters retreated, leaving us to wage the lone fight for justice.

A Royal Commission found our complaints entirely justified in each and every case (811). Thus we have all a judicial upholding. Our suffering and heavy financial losses have never been taken into account when considering the question of satisfactory settlement. As the Attorney General for Victoria stated in the Victoria Legislative Assembly, Melbourne, when settlement was being discussed there, "I admit it is rough justice, in fact it is not justice at all." So one of the blackest chapters in the history of migration drew to its miserable and sordid close.

The British Legion's motto "To promote and safeguard the interests of ex-Servicemen" falls to the ground if Headquarters betrayal of the Victorian ex-Service settlers' cases is permitted by the branches.

True, the British Legion has done much in the way of

relief for the destitute families; but, while justice is withheld, the destitution goes on. We look to the branches to stand by and instruct Headquarters to carry on and secure satisfactory settlement and the ruling of British justice in accordance with the unanimous support which carried Resolution 89 at the Annual Conference at Weston-super-Mare.

CHAS. CLARKE,  
(Chairman, Victorian ex-Service Settlers Association).

## The Haig House "Racket"

SIR,—The impending discharge of the Press Officer and the proposal to transfer his work to the Organising Secretary, who already holds *two distinct paid posts*, referred to in the *Saturday Review*, obviously proves that his other duties are not too strenuous occupations.

From my several years' experience as Provincial Organiser, I am satisfied that the office of Organising Secretary ought not to have been revived after having been abolished as unnecessary. The 13 salaried Area Organising Secretaries, with the several experienced County Secretaries, should be able to do any organising required within their respective domains. If they cannot they are not worth their jobs.

H.Q. methods are not always practical or tactful (examples furnished if required). One man's job should be classified by one specific designation, fancy titles tabooed, and extra salary for such titles disallowed if, as is usual, no extra time is given.

Every newspaper or journal wherein adverse criticism of the Legion is printed is described as *that rag*, and the critics labelled as rebels, or something even worse. Reformers of every period, have usually suffered from abuse or misrepresentation from the "vested interests" or their dupes.

However, unless the Conference delegates have full knowledge of the disclosures as narrated in the *Saturday Review*, they will once again be deluded into giving approval for another £100,000 to be expended upon excessive salaries, surplus officials, and futile administration by the Haig House mandarins. Then what of the future!

GEORGE CROWE,

Ex-member N.E.C.; Area Council; H.Q. Staff;  
Chairman Portsmouth Branch; Portsmouth  
City Council.

28, Albert Grove, Southsea.

## Petrol and the Defence Forces

(From Lord Strathspey).

SIR,—The first emotion of thousands who are flocking from town and country to the Royal Tournament at Olympia will be one of pride in the polished efficiency of our country's defensive forces. Then comes the reflection, especially to those who can compare this splendid Jubilee display with the old days at the Agricultural Hall in Islington, that our defenders less and less march, as the saying was, upon their bellies; more and more they move on petrol and fuel oil. You see motor-cycles which leap like horses. There are anti-tank gun tractors; there are the tanks themselves; the Navy and the Air Force.

One colossal risk attends this modern development, and fortunately those who run the three Services are wakening up to it. Until recently we imported all our petrol and fuel oil. To-day that is no longer the case, for already many Home Defence squadrons of the Royal Air Force fly on petrol produced by low temperature carbonisation from British coal, and naval vessels have put to sea on fuel oil obtained in like manner.

The Government's awareness of the new possibilities is indicated by their interest in the great hydrogenation work now in progress at Billingham. But have we among our statesmen a Disraeli bold enough to look ahead to a time when the defence of our land will not depend upon one gallon of imported petrol? Let us replace the lot!

STRATHSPEY.

Hyllon House, Rottingdean, Sussex.



# Our Corner in Gold

## Empire Leads in Production

By J. Randolph Oliphant

**G**OLD boom in the Balkans, gold boom in Australia, gold boom in Canada, in South Africa, and a tiny one—very tiny—in Wales. World-wide boom! Not in the world's history has there been a parallel. No wonder, with one fine ounce worth over £7.

Outstanding in this world-wide movement is a fact apparently lost sight of in the yellow metal frenzy. It is briefly stated—*the big booms are all in the British Empire.*

Great Britain has practically no gold production. Yet Greater Britain has Mother Earth's major part. Those adventurous souls who sailed the Seven Seas, in Britain's Empire-building days, to plant the flag wherever it could be stuck into unoccupied ground, could not have chosen more wisely had it been gold, and little else, that they had in mind.

Australia was the first to come heavily into the headlines as British Empire bullion maker. The stampede to New South Wales in the middle of the last century, and then a little later to Victoria, was as sensational as it had been a year or two before in California, where a small lump of bright metal in the tail-race of a saw-mill sent gold hunters by the thousand trekking westward from every country in Europe, to say nothing of the Americas—North, Central and South.

In the woolly days before the wild rush to California in '48, gold produced from the entire globe amounted to only one-half the amount that Canada will produce in 1935. Surely that tells vividly the enormous growth in output during the lives of some now living.

### VAST TREASURE

If a nonagenarian in England could recall the gold situation of his early boyhood he would know now that the world's total yearly mining output at that time was not more than one-third the value of the gold from Europe which landed in New York during the week ending January 24th in order to swell Uncle Sam's hoard in Washington's vaults, or about £7,000,000. Perhaps even Wales, despite the croaks of critics, may rise to that some fine day!

But California petered out, Australia petered out, Russia petered out—and Russia was quite a good producer at one time. Then came flaming South Africa, with its low-grade ores in the Witwatersrand yielding vast treasure, which has not petered out, and Canada, with its Klondyke, its Hollinger, and a new gold mine opened almost as regular as the sunrise.

And, moreover, it is now a case of Australia rediviva. At this moment aeroplanes specially adapted to prospecting are being built in England for use "down under" by aviating searchers for new mines.

Not only so. Australia, Canada, South Africa, the Empire's "big three" in the field of gold production, are turning to mines sealed, moss-grown, "played out" for decades past. Properties in the "also rans" class of twenty to thirty years ago are having their seals broken, the moss scraped away, while machinery which is the last word in up-to-dateness is being erected on the surface sites to see if the big market price of to-day may not once more convert derelicts into dividend winners.

While nearly one-half of the known gold in the world is in the clutches of the United States Government, it is a fact also that United States mines are running backward as originators of new metal. From a one-time first, that country has to-day to take third place. Its modest northern neighbour romped gaily in for second-place laurels a year or two ago, with South Africa, of course, well in the lead of all the nations.

### CANADA'S GOLDEN FUTURE

That was a sore point—for Uncle Sam to have to pass the gold-output crown of all the Western hemisphere to the brow of John Canuck. But John Canuck, being the energetic and industrious son of John Bull, has worked hard in his creeks and canyons and his general countryside to loosen-up the glittering nuggets. He will tell you, too, that he is only at the outset of his ultimate career as the gold miner par excellence. Believe him or no, there are suggestive figures to uphold his sanguine forecast.

His production of gold in 1934, so far as known at the moment, amounted to 2,964,395 fine ounces. The increase from the 1933 output was slight, but the value rose to over £20,000,000 as compared with £17,000,000 in 1933. The average price of gold in Canada during 1934 was £6 18s. per fine ounce as against an average of £5 12s. 6d. for the previous year. The increase resulted in some of the larger mines feeding ore of lower grade to their mills. This was reflected in reduced output during the first half of 1934, but towards the end of the year new mills coming into production compensated in output from older properties.

I take it that one of the really refreshing things about these developments is the riches that are accruing to the British Empire. True, it is Greater Britain, as already stated, that benefits from the soaring values of new gold. Yet Great Britain derives advantage both directly and indirectly from prosperity in her Dominions and Colonies, arising from gold or any other cause.

Why is the Union of South Africa now so fortunate in her financial affairs? And the reason? Gold, and nothing but gold. What has kept Canada moving upwards out of the slough of the great slump? Not her wheat, which is down and

down and down; but her gold, which is up and up and up. What is giving good cheer to many Australians? Is it not the fair prospect of a return, in whole or in part, to the good old days when gold flowed from her mines in a steady and fructifying stream?

World economic recovery may not come from so much an ounce for fine gold. But recovery in the British Empire is being substantially aided by this very thing. Nor have "gold standards" much to do with it. Stay as we are or return to our position before 1931, gold will continue to be gold.

## Eve in Paris

**U**LTRA-fashionable Paris and foreign visitors always gather at the Bagatelle Polo Club to witness the great matches.

Splendid play was to be seen when the British team took its revenge for last year's defeat, and carried off the "Coupe de Paris-Soir." Sir George Clerk was in the official stand discussing the game with the Duc Decazes, and around the tea-tables assembled pretty women, and men better turned out than usual in French gatherings.

The Maharaja of Patiala, Baron Robert de Rothschild, the Comte de Ganay, and the Duc and Duchesse de Montebello were interested spectators, also Baroness de Thyssen, beautifully gowned as becomes the wife of a multi-millionaire. There was great applause when Madame Jacques Prouvost handed the cup to Major Fanshawe, captain of the English team.

**T**HE great demonstration in honour of St. Joan of Arc passed this year without any disorder whatever. Fifty thousand representatives of the right wing groups marched from her statue in the Place St. Augustin to her other statue in the Place des Pyramides, where the floral offerings were of lavish magnificence, and the usual ceremonies took place, Government representatives first paying homage, and afterwards the various patriotic societies.

The "Croix de Feu" had decided not to take part in the cortège; but preceded by their own bands they advanced, in serried ranks, led by Colonel de la Rocque who laid wreaths before the national heroine, and presented a most imposing appearance. Later on the Colonel addressed the Croix de Feu, and the National Volunteers who mustered in thousands in the Place du Carrousel.

**M**ONSIEUR LURCAT, a well-known architect back from Russia, gave a lecture recently to a number of young confrères on "Building under the Soviets." In Moscow, no less than seventy-five school-houses are being erected, and many public offices. The same activity he declared, prevails all over the land, affording work for manual and skilled labour. How different to conditions in France, he pointed out.

His audience, most of whom had neither employment nor prospects, listened dejectedly and some young men, pocketing their principles, approached the lecturer later, asking if they could perhaps obtain a job in this earthly Paradise. "No, impossible," answered M. Lurcat. "There is now no room for you. The Soviets have admitted 36 foreign architects, including, fortunately, myself.

You had better remain in France, and bring about the revolution which will give you work."

Thus France's Bolshevist ally keeps her promise to renounce Communist propaganda!

**P**ARISIAN dressmakers have diminished their prices to retain customers and announced a reduction of wages to their workers, who, in response are on strike. Crowds of these midinettes, attractive young creatures, wearing their cheap clothes gracefully, have been demonstrating in the streets around the Madeleine, laughing and talking with the numerous *agents* detailed, very unnecessarily, to awe these girls, who looked fragile and ill-nourished. Their contention that if wages are to be lowered the cost of living should also be diminished seems fair, for their scant earnings barely provide food, lodging and clothing at present cost, the tiniest margin for humble pleasures being non-existent.

The worst employers are the new cheap shops which provide ready-made outfits. Prettily designed dresses (of dainty Japanese silk which sells at six francs the metre) are obtainable from sixty francs! Such frocks are made by the clever, industrious fingers of little "cousettes", who receive no more than, in some instances, twelve francs for a garment.

**O**FFICIAL commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Victor Hugo's death commenced with an exhibition in the Place des Vosges, showing pictures of the exile's homes in foreign lands, including bed-room furniture cleverly fashioned by his own hands, and other souvenirs. Madame Nègreponde, the poet's granddaughter, looked wistfully at these relics of her famous ancestor.

There was a splendid ceremony at the Panthéon. The President of the Republic laid wreaths on Victor Hugo's tomb; stars of the *Comédie Française* recited his patriotic poems, and thirty thousand school children parading before his statue, heaped flowers around its base. Another great function takes place at the Trocadéro at which Rudyard Kipling, Heinrich Mann, and Selma Lagerlöf will be present.

Chantilly possesses a unique and priceless volume of Ronsard, "Prince des Poètes," presented by Saint Beuve to Victor Hugo. It contains laudatory verses dedicated to the young genius by Lamartine, de Vigny and other illustrious admirers. This treasure may be loaned to the Bibliothèque Nationale, now exhibiting MSS. and drawings left to it under the writer's will.

# The Chancellor of the Exchequer's Letter to Lady Houston— —and her Answer

*Copy of a letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer.*

Treasury Chambers,  
Whitehall, S.W. 14th May, 1935.

Madam,

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has received from the Secretary of State for Air your message renewing your offer of £200,000 for the air defence of London.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN asks me to thank you for this offer but to explain that the reasons which made it impossible for your previous offer to be accepted still hold good with regard to the present offer as long as the conditions and implications attached to it remain. While public benefactions can properly be received to supplement general revenue, it is not possible to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure over and above that approved by Parliament upon particular essential services in regard to which the undivided responsibility of advising Parliament must rest with the Government of the day. If, however, you care to make the offer of the sum named as a contribution towards general Exchequer revenues in view of the additional burdens laid upon the country by the necessities of air defence, it will be gratefully accepted.

Yours faithfully,  
Donald Fergusson.

Lady Houston, D.B.E.

*Copy of a letter in reply from Lady Houston, D.B.E.*

S/Y. Liberty (*Somewhere at Sea*). 20th May, 1935.

Dear Mr. Chamberlain,

ENGLAND IS IN PERIL!

AND ALL WHO LOVE HER ARE IN DESPAIR! For years past, with nothing but my Country's good at heart, I have implored you and beseeched you to take heed—*there was danger ahead*—but you would not listen. And yet even the members of your Government, the Heads of the



Army, Navy and Air Force, have felt impelled to warn you again and again that the Defences of the Realm have been brought down to a dangerous level and are now quite inadequate and futile.

**B**UT in spite of this you have remained coldly indifferent to your Country's danger!

**I** CANNOT share this indifference. And because I am sad and unhappy at seeing England, our England, for the first time in her history, utterly at the mercy of any invader who chooses to attack her, I offer to finance the Air Defence of London as a contribution to my Country's safety. Your only answer to this offer is to snub me—to sneer at me—actually to scold me! “It is not possible,” you say “to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure over and above that approved by Parliament upon particular essential Services in the regard to which the undivided responsibility of advising Parliament must rest with the Government of the day.”

**A**ND yet in spite of this, one reads that the Government of the day has just accepted, with grateful thanks, the sum of £500,000 from one of the Indian Princes for the “particular essential service” of benefiting Singapore.

**S**O YOUR ARGUMENT IS NOT VERY CONVINCING, MR. CHAMBERLAIN!

**Y**OU say that the undivided responsibility of advising Parliament must rest with the Government of the day. May I ask if it was by the advice, and with the full co-operation of the Government of the day that the Army, Navy and Air Force have been dragged down to a condition which even your Experts can only describe as “Far below the danger line”?

**A**ND you, the son of Joseph Chamberlain, who was such a perfervid patriot, have stood by and seen this happen. You dare even to scourge me for my patriotism!

**Y**OU refused the offer I made three years ago with the same bland, self-sufficient contempt. Since then you have done nothing but try and deceive the public into a false security and hide the terrible danger of our defenceless condition.

Yours more in sorrow than in anger,

LUCY HOUSTON.

# The King's English and the National Theatre

By Major H. E. Crawford, A.F.C.

**S**OMEONE has said that three nations in history have made supreme contributions to dramatic literature — the Greece of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; France with the plays of Molière, Racine, and Corneille; and England which gave to the world what a French historian of the theatre has called "the Elizabethan miracle."

It is not a coincidence that these masterpieces were written in three great languages. The Greek tongue was the ancestor of the Renaissance, the revival of learning after the darkness of the middle ages. French was for centuries, and is to-day, the medium of diplomacy and culture on the continent of Europe. English is the common bond between the Mother-country, four great Dominions, and a host of smaller communities all over the world, and the United States of America. Our language is the most potent instrument of civilisation and culture in the modern world.

That we can pay whole-hearted tribute to the place in literary history of Greek and French is itself the reason for our pride in our own mother tongue. For it suffers nothing by comparison with these two.

Above all, this land gave birth to Shakespeare, who is the supreme genius of literature. Nor do we rely solely upon Shakespeare for our position. Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Ford, Wycherley, Congreve, Sheridan, and many others, all witness to the prolific genius of England. Had Shakespeare never lived, these would have made our place in drama secure.

## *The Element of Greatness*

Language is the vehicle of thought. The greatness of a language derives from the exactitude, the grace, and the emphasis of which it is capable in fulfilling this purpose. When it is distinguished in the first of these qualities, it is in a high degree scientific; the second and third give it poetry, drama, and force. If it combines all three then it has the element of greatness. Such is the English tongue. It should be our task by every means to preserve it—a heritage as precious and sacred as the British Empire itself.

A playhouse for the British people, a National Theatre, would be a stronghold of the tongue they speak. Here the great masterpieces of our dramatic literature, the treasures of the past and the outstanding achievements of contemporary playwrights, spoken by the trained voices and interpreted by the informed minds of players selected from the rich stores of talent with which our stage is so well endowed, would be given year

in and year out in circumstances that would enable the highest ideal of interpretation to be reached.

Language is like coinage. It is in continual circulation and is apt to be maltreated and twisted in the process. Its message may be defaced by usage, its finer shades of meaning worn and obscured, its very identity obliterated. Like coinage, to retain its value, it should from time to time be re-minted, the sharp outlines of its form restored, the exact limits of its message re-defined. The developments and alterations which language, like all living things, must undergo, should be inspired by those whose instinct is to preserve rather than acquiesce in debasement.

More than ever is this process necessary to-day. The crowded lives of men and women leave little time for the cultivation of the art of speech, written or spoken, which after all is the art of transmitting ideas from one to another. The hours of leisure have ceased to be occupied by forms of self-expression. We have instead a mass-produced, largely imported, and mechanised variety of entertainment offered to millions of our people whom the establishment and development of universal education make increasingly receptive.

## *Dross Among the Gold*

There is a law of economics called Gresham's Law, which states that if spurious coin be put into circulation simultaneously with good coinage, the false will ultimately take the place of the true. This is equally true of language. When an easy glib, and superficially attractive slang is ceaselessly pumped into the ears of the people, it is not a matter for wonder if they adopt it, and the finer forms of language—the true coin of speech—fall into desuetude.

Nor are the arbitrary dicta of a statutory corporation a possible final test of speech. The accepted standard of a language is to be formed and found only in the speech of the finest contemporary intellects. But it is not everybody who has the opportunity of hearing continually the speech of our most cultured men and women. Here is where lies one of the tasks of the National Theatre. Night after night there will be spoken from its stage passages of the purest English speech, English as it was in the great Elizabethan era, and English as it is spoken and written by the masters of the language to-day. Instead of our people being drenched in the argot of the international underworld, the British Broadcasting Corporation will be able to bring this English speech into millions of homes, and the ears of the inhabitants of the civilised globe, in the form of drama broadcast. Such a stage will be a perpetual defence against the corruption and mutilation of our Mother-tongue.



# The Killer by Night

By Dan Russell

**N**IGHT on the hills; a chill wind blowing from the North; a sky of scudding black clouds which masked the bright face of the moon. Cries of wild things which hunted for their food; the furtive rustle of prowling feet. The shrill, thrice-repeated bark of a dog-fox and the hair-raising answer of the vixen. Down in the valley, one solitary light in the window of the shepherd's cottage; but for that one sign of habitation all was dark and lonely. Faint and indistinct in the gloom could be seen the figures of the sheep which, even at night, grazed upon the rocky slopes.

Half-way up the precipitous hillside a mighty rock reared its rough height into the air and cast a flag of dense black shadow upon the slope beneath. And in the darkest part of this shadow lay a couchant figure, motionless and silent. Two gleaming eyes stared unwaveringly down the hill towards the shepherd's window as if to make certain that the man was safe at home. In that time and place there was something menacing and repellent about that furtive thing which crouched in the shadows and waited with such patience.

## Blood Lust

There was the sound of leisurely footsteps, and an ewe strolled round the corner of the rock and commenced to graze on the sweet grass. The thing in the shadows moved; belly to ground, it crept out into the open, hugging every small piece of cover. Then came a swift rush, an awful choking bleat, a scrabbling of hooves upon the ground, and silence. The shadowy figure of the killer crouched above its victim. There was a rending of flesh, the gurgling sound of lapping blood and deep snorts of satisfaction as he ate his ghastly meal. Then, as silently as he had come, he crept back to the shadow of the rocks. . . .

It was early when the shepherd left his cottage to go upon his morning round. The sun shone down upon the green hills. Birds sang merrily in bush and tree. The meadows were drenched with dew, so that they looked like a huge expanse of spun glass. Behind the shepherd paced his dog, a small black collie who watched his master's every movement with bright, intelligent eyes. Between these two was a great love born of lonely days and nights together upon the hills, of lonely watches beside the lambing pens and of mutual, patient service to the sheep they tended.

As they drew near to the rock the shepherd saw something which lay very still upon the ground. For a moment he gazed at it without understanding, then with an oath he quickened his steps and hurried towards the motionless body. The dog trotted soberly behind with tail awave. As the shepherd rounded the corner of the rock the suspicion in his mind became an awful certainty, for there lay the stiff, bedraggled body of an ewe. Its

head was thrown back, disclosing that its throat had been torn out with ruthless savagery. The shepherd swore again as he gazed at the rigid carcase. His dog stood by his side, and his deep brown eyes were dull and sad.

"'Tis a killer," muttered the shepherd. "A killer we've got on the hills! We've got to get 'un afore he kills all we've got." The dog looked up and waved his tail as if in agreement. The shepherd shouldered the body and tramped down the hill towards his cottage.

The day wore on to an evening of cloudy skies and west winds. A gentle rain began to fall. The shepherd took down his gun and cleaned it carefully. "He'll come again to-night," he said. "Once a killer starts, he can never stop."

He took up the gun and went out into the night.

When he reached the Rearing Rock he sat down to rest and consider his plan of campaign. It was to the Rock that the killer would come; so the shepherd must hide close at hand.

He walked about and found a large flat boulder which would give him both concealment and protection from the weather. He sat down with his gun across his knees and awaited the coming of the killer.

For a long time he waited beneath the boulder. His legs were cramped and aching. His ears were alert for the slightest sound of disturbance among the sheep.

Suddenly he heard the sound of scraping hooves as a sheep moved near him. He strained his eyes through the murk, but he could see nothing. Then there was a swift patter of feet, a horrid worrying sound, and silence. The shepherd swore as he peered through the gloom.

## The Betrayer

Then the moon came out from behind a bank of cloud. Twenty yards away lay the twitching body of a sheep, and over it stood the killer, slobbering over his grisly feast. The shepherd could see the outline of the small powerful body and the bushy tail.

"'Tis a gurt fox," he thought. He smiled grimly and raised his gun. Carefully he aimed, and then he pulled both triggers.

The report of the double explosion rolled echoing round the hills. The shepherd rose and walked over to the kill.

"Now let's see what you be," he cried. He struck a match and looked, and as he did so he staggered back with an ashen face. He sat down upon a boulder and laid his head upon his folded arms and groaned. For in the tiny light he had seen the body of the sheep, and beside it, still twitching in its death agony, its muzzle foul with blood and wool, lay the betrayer of his trust—his dog.

**MOTORING**

# Driving Tests Have Failed

By Sefton Cummings

**T**HE great scheme for tests for new motor drivers has completely broken down, and absolute chaos exists at the moment. The whole edifice was built on such insecure foundations that it has collapsed, and the re-building of it is expected to take a considerable time. So complete is the dislocation that any new driver can walk into the County Hall to-day and obtain a driving licence over the counter.

It will be remembered that, according to the law, every new driver who wished to take out a licence for the first time after April 1st, 1935, was to be required to undergo a test. I was staggered to find last week that a woman who had never driven in her life had been given a driving licence.

But do not be hasty in your judgment of the authorities. She will be required to undergo a test when her licence is renewed, *after having driven for one year!*

The explanation is very simple. There are two hundred examiners and two hundred thousand new applicants for driving licences each year. The majority of these applications come between Easter and Whitsun; so the staff of examiners has, naturally, proved totally inadequate.

This is but another example of Ministry of Transport incompetence. Ample figures were presumably available of the number of new applications for driving licences in the past, together with statistics showing the time of year in which business was heaviest. It should, therefore, have been easy to estimate the number of examiners required to enable the scheme to work smoothly.

### *Shades of Gilbert!*

At present the whole business is a farce. To allow a novice to drive for a year and then subject him to a test is Gilbertian. But our bureaucratic Savoyards are determined to keep to the stern path of duty. Having already held a licence for twelve months, these new drivers, when they apply for a renewal, may find themselves issued with only a provisional licence, just in case, of course, they prove to be bad pilots during this probationary period.

No doubt the bureaucrats at the Ministry argue that it is a case of "better late than never." There might be some substance even for so slender an argument if there was any prospect of the ground lost being made up. But unless the staff of examiners is increased immediately there seems no prospect whatever of clearing up arrears of work.

Comparisons have been made with France, to the great disadvantage of this country. Across the Channel tests for intending motor drivers have been in existence for many years, and have been carried out systematically and on time. Apologists for the Ministry of Transport have tried to argue

that the French have been able to run their system in a proper manner because they started when there were fewer cars on the road and had not so much leeway to make up.

This argument is fallacious. It would have held water had we attempted to subject all motorists to a test; but we have never attempted anything of the kind. The only people who are supposed to be tested are new drivers, and, as the numbers of these applicants for licences increases every year, it is obvious that the examiners will get further and further behindhand as time goes on, unless their numbers are at least doubled.

### *Exit the Speed Limit*

Meanwhile the thirty-mile-an-hour speed limits are gradually coming to be honoured more in the breach than in the observance. As Mr. D. M. K. Marendaz (who is responsible for the Marendaz Special cars and who was inadvertently described as Mr. David Marendaz when he wrote a letter on this subject to this paper recently) pointed out, these regulations were ill-considered from the start.

I myself predicted that either the sports car industry would be very hard hit or that the regulations would be treated with contempt. The first thing happened, and now the latter is well on its way to being an accomplished fact.

After their first pristine burst the police, who already have too much to do, curtailed their activities considerably, with the result that drivers who are anxious to reach their destinations in reasonable time have decided to take a chance.

During the week-end I drove to beyond Chertsey and back and noticed that very little attention was paid to many of the limit signs. On Kingston Hill, a restricted road, a stream of traffic was moving at well over forty miles an hour, and the usual road hogs for which this stretch had become notorious were double and even treble banking in an effort to pass other vehicles. Some of these drivers must have touched fifty miles an hour.

Writing of this area, a trip round some of these Southern suburbs will soon convince anyone that there is plenty of work on which some of the "surplus" from the road fund could be profitably spent. The roads round Chertsey and Shepperton are in a deplorable condition. Pot holes abound and in many places only a small part of the surface is macadamised, the rest being loose gravel and sharp stones.

I was reminded, in fact, of the Sahara desert, having recently, after an excellent luncheon, listened to Mr. Symond's account of his trip in one of the new Morris tens to Timbuctoo and back. I suggest a new reliability trial, a tour round the southern suburbs. If this does not test a car I am sure that very little will.



## New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

**S**IR GEORGE ARTHUR disclaims "literary merit or inside knowledge" for his life of the gracious and much beloved Queen, whose sixty-eighth birthday the whole Empire has been celebrating this week. None the less, he has already succeeded in giving us a living portrait of Queen Mary, and as the book he has written seems assured of a big sale, King George's Jubilee Trust should proportionately benefit.

Sir George finds certain points of resemblance in the characters of Queen Victoria and Her present Majesty. There is "the same inflexible uprightness, mated to the most courteous manners, the same dislike of anything sensational or *outré*, the same prodigious memory with everything docketed and available for reference at a moment's notice."

"Queen Mary's influence over a vast range of the Sovereign's subjects is infinitely greater than can be traced to any of her predecessors. To the masses, not only up and down the country, but in the Dominions across the seas, she stands, not only as a model of Royal dignity, but as the embodiment of all that is best—and how good that is—in English womanhood. Her works of benevolence are multiform . . . but the relief she extends with generous hands is no more haphazard, or even impulsive, than is the association of her name with organised good works, an association which is an asset of incalculable value for those who enjoy it."

### Hindenburg Legend and Fact

Posterity will probably agree that while Hindenburg was not the inspired military commander the majority of his countrymen imagined him to be, he had at any rate certain elements of greatness in his character that were of inestimable service to Germany in the hour of crushing defeat and overwhelming depression.

The time has hardly arrived for a thoroughly just appreciation of his character and achievements. Meanwhile, however, we are offered two very interesting studies of the man and his work from two wholly different angles, the one being frankly adulatory, if also mildly critical; the other generally hostile and depreciatory, intent on exposing weaknesses that did not tally with the Hindenburg "legend," yet at the same time revealing signs of greatness that no word painting can suppress.

It goes without saying that Emil Ludwig's book is a brilliant piece of work, remarkable both for the dexterity with which he handles the vast mass of material he uses and for the vividness of his pen pictures of men and events. But somehow the central figure of his story seems to elude him; its "giant" proportions do not admit of being dwarfed into Ludwig's diminishing mould.

Major Gert von Hindenburg regards Ludendorff as his uncle's evil genius in the war. He grievously misled Hindenburg regarding the real nature of the home front and towards the end of the War "developed a very serious form of megalomania." Ludendorff, according to Major Hindenburg, was

always inclined to scoff at the effectiveness of the tanks; yet the Major thinks they proved "the turning point of the War" and he blames the German Supreme Command for its folly in underrating "these terrible weapons of war."

### Half-a-mile Down in the Sea

For the past ten years — six of them in the vicinity of Nonsuch Island, Bermuda — Dr. William Beebe has been engaged in oceanographic researches and has made a considerable number of descents into the depths of the sea both in diving helmet and bathysphere. He writes with the ardour of an enthusiast about undersea exploration.

"If we are kept from wandering through the waters of the world by tales of omnipresent, man-eating sharks, baracudas and octopuses, then to be consistent we must keep off our streets because of the infinitely more deadly taxi-cabs, we must wear masks to keep free of malignant germs, and we must never go to the country because of wasps, deadly nightshade and lethal toadstools. When we once realise the truth of these apparently silly comparisons, we will wander at will amid temperate tapestries and portières of seaweed, and stroll around and climb over and return day after day to the exciting reefs of tropical shores."

Dr. Beebe's record exploit in the bathysphere was to reach a depth of 3,028 feet.

### Dance and Ballet in England

Mr. Mark Perugini is a recognised authority on the ballet and dancing, and his "Pageant" is a book that should appeal to a wide public.

He regards it as strange and regrettable that London, the richest city in the world, does not yet possess a State-aided Opera House to which an Academy for the study of the dance and ballet is attached.

"It is even stranger that highly trained English dancers should find it necessary to seek fame—or oblivion—under unpronounceable Russian names, as part of any 'Russian' ballet. It is curious that we in this country seem ever to show a greater welcome to foreign singers and dancers than we do to our own."

### BOOKS RECEIVED

**Biography:** "Queen Mary," by George Arthur (Thorn-ton Butterworth, illustrated, 5s., half the profits from the sale to be devoted to King George's Jubilee Trust); "Hindenburg," by Major Gert von Hindenburg (translated from the German by Gerald Griffin, with 88 illustrations, Hutchinson, 18s.); "Hindenburg and the Saga of the German Revolution," by Emil Ludwig (translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, illustrated, Heinemann, 12s. 6d.); "Six Portraits" (studies of George Eliot, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Oliphant, Katherine Mansfield, Madame de Stael and Jane Austen) by Isabel C. Clarke (Hutchinson, illustrated, 18s.).

**General:** "Half A Mile Down," by William Beebe (Lane the Bodley Head, with 8 illustrations in colour and 123 in black and white, 18s.); "Wisdom of the Ages" (quotations from 400 great thinkers on every-day subjects), with a preface and summing up by Mark Gilbert (Saint Catherine Press, 5s. and 12s. 6d. de luxe); "The Lindbergh Crime," by Sidney B. Whipple (Methuen, 6s.); "Through the Weather House," by R. A. Watson Watt (Peter Davies, illustrated, 7s. 6d.); "Adventures with Wild Animals and Men," by Cherry Kearton (with 44 photographs by the author, Longmans, 12s. 6d.); "Pageant of the Dance and Ballet," by Mark E. Perugini (illustrated, Jarrolds, 18s.); "Security?" by Maj.-Gen. H. Rowan-Robinson (Methuen, 5s.); "The Beauty of Britain," by several contributors and introduction by J. B. Priestley (Batsford, with 109 illustrations, 5s.).

## An Admiral's Disclosures

**A**DAMIRAL LORD WEMYSS saw perhaps more varied active service in the Great War than most naval officers, and in every theatre in which he was present the work he performed was invaluable.

Before the end of the War, Wemyss had succeeded Lord Jellicoe as First Sea Lord, and it was in this capacity that he was present with Foch to meet the German delegates when they came to sue for peace. With Foch, too, he signed the Armistice.

In his "Life and Letters," published by Lady Wemyss (Eyre & Spottiswoode, illustrated, 21s.), there is a good deal of provocative criticism of various individuals, notably Lord Fisher and Mr. Lloyd George.

According to the account here given, the latter was "furious" because Wemyss, by telephoning the news of the Armistice to the King, spoilt the "spectacular announcement" Mr. Lloyd George had hoped to make in the House of Commons.

Wemyss was also much hurt that his services were not recognised in the War Honours. He promptly resigned his post, but was induced to withdraw his resignation. His reward was to come later in a Peerage and special promotion to Admiral of the Fleet.

## Childhood Memories

It requires a poet, perhaps, to do justice to such a subject as Mr. Walter de la Mare has selected for his latest book, and it is because Mr. de la Mare is a poet that the result is so alluring and satisfying.

"Early One Morning in the Spring" (Faber & Faber, illustrated, 21s.) is an endeavour in the author's own words "to present childhood by way of recollection"—not only his own recollection, but the recollections and childhood records of many men and women of genius.

Everywhere in his discursive survey he treads as delicately as Agag, modestly conscious of his own ignorance, yet obviously fascinated by his study of these little "Gullivers in Brobdingnag."

And his readers cannot fail to be fascinated, too, by the wealth of childhood lore he displays for their edification.

## A Famous Singer

It is more than fourteen years since Gervase Elwes met his death by accident at an American railway station. His biography ("Gervase Elwes: The Story of his Life," by Winefride Elwes and Richard Elwes, Grayson, illustrated, 15s.) helps to remind us what a great gentleman as well as fine singer the world lost by his demise.

He came of an old family which held estates in the counties of Northampton and Lincoln, and when he announced his intention of forsaking diplomacy for a career as professional singer he inevitably aroused strong family opposition.

He always had the courage of his convictions, and the success he speedily attained as a pro-

fessional singer fully justified the step he had taken. He did not have a great voice, but he was a great artist and, as Mr. Plunket Greene said of him, he won his position in the musical world by "sheer personality."

## LATEST NOVELS

Patrick Hamilton in his trilogy "Twenty Thousand Streets under the Sky" takes us into the world of the barmaid and waiter of a central London public house and creates for us a series of very live characters whose experiences and adventures, despite their drab surroundings, excite and retain the reader's keen and sympathetic interest. In "Land of Women," Messrs. Putnam have secured what may prove to be a worthy successor to that "best-seller" "And Quiet Flows the Don." It is a powerful story dealing with the period of Don Carlos Lopez' dictatorship in Paraguay in the 1860's and with the misfortunes of the Guarani Indians. "Mundos" represents Stella Benson at her best; one could only wish that it had not been left unfinished. "Ollie Miss" is by a new American writer and is a simply told, but charming story of Negro life. All the adventure, crime and mystery stories, listed below, will be found to provide good reading.

"Twenty Thousand Streets under the Sky," by Patrick Hamilton (Constable, 8s. 6d.); "Land of Women," by Katherine von Dombrowski (Putnam); "Ollie Miss," by George Wylie Henderson (Secker); "Mundos" (an unfinished novel), by Stella Benson (Macmillan); "Young Renny," by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan); "Don't You Weep, Don't You Moan," by Richard Coleman (Macmillan); "Strange Encounter," by Rachel Swete Macnamara (Hurst & Blackett).

Adventure, Crime and Mystery: "Death of a Queen," by C. St. John Sprigg (Nelson); "Winged Death," by J. Railton Holder (Newnes); "The Secret People," by John Beynon (Newnes); "Frampton of 'The Yard,'" by T. Arthur Plummer (Stanley Paul); "The Thousandth Frog," by Wynant Davis Hubbard (Blackie); "The 13th Chime," by T. C. H. Jacobs (Stanley Paul); "Deceptions," by H. L. Victor (Stanley Paul); "The Ten Black Pearls," by Cecil Freeman Gregg (Methuen); "The Old Man Smiles Again," by Marvin Sutton (Hutchinson).

In "Meet the Detective" (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d.), various well-known detective fiction writers, including "Sapper," Sydney Horler, A. E. W. Mason, Sax Rohmer and Baroness Orczy, tell how they came to create their famous heroes.

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## The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

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**ABERFELDY**, Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

**ALEXANDRIA**, Dumfriesshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10. Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

**AVIEMORE**, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100. Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

**AYLESBURY**.—Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden. Golf, Tennis, bowls, fishing.

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**STRATHALLAN** Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 24 gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

**WEST CENTRAL** Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T. Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 6. Pens., 4 gns. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6.

**WOODHALL** Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6. Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

**LYNTON**, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2/10/- Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

**MORTHOE**, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Lun., 3/6. Tea, 1/6. Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**.—Regent Hotel, 55-69, Osborne Road, T. Jeumont 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single rm. 7/6. Garden.

**THE OSBORNE** Hotel, Jeumont Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12s. 6d. W.E., £1 7s. 6d. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

**OXFORD**.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 34 gns. W.E., £1 17s. 6d. Lun., 2/- Din., 5/-

**PERTH**, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from 24/- Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 5 courses within 6 mins.

**PHILLACK**, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviere Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

**SCARBOROUGH**, Yorks.—Riveira Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17s. 6. W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

**SHAFTESBURY**, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns. W.E., £2/- to 57/- Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

**SHANKLIN**, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green.—Bed., 14. Rec., 3. Pens., from 34 gns. to 6 gns. W.E., 12s. to 15s. per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

**SOUTH Uist**, Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

**SOUTHSEA, HANTS**.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day.

**STROUD**, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1; Pens., 3 to 34 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, Riding.

**TENBY**, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 34 to 54 gns. W.E., 30/- to 55/- Tennis, Golf, fishing, bathing.

**TORQUAY**.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30. Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30s. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

**GLEN DEVON** Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 24 to 34 gns. Garden, Tennis, Golf.

**NETHWAY PRIVATE** Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9s. day. Golf, Tennis, fishing.

**UIG**, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot 3/6. Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

## HOTELS AND LODGINGS

**MATLOCK**.—SMEDLEY'S—Gt. Britain's Greatest Hydro. For Health, Rest, or Pleasure. 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Illus. Prospectus free. Two Resident Physicians.

**N. 131, HOLLAND PARK AVENUE**, N.W.11.—Board-residence at moderate inclusive terms. Best food. Quietly run house. Special attention given to individual requirements. Park 2468.

**SUMMER HOLIDAYS** in Swiss Mountains, 4,250 ft., VILLARS S/OILLON. Tennis, golf, bathing. Hotels: Montecarlo from £5, Chalet Anzais from 44 gns.; parties of 3 or 4 by car from Boulogne at equivalent 2nd class fares.—Write British Owner, now in London, Box S, Sat. Rev.

**TORQUAY**.—(Sunleigh Court, Livermead) Walk from lovely house, secluded garden to quiet sands in 3 minutes. 73/- and 84/-

## FLATS & HOUSES

**RIVIERA**.—SMALL COMFORTABLY FURNISHED FLAT facing South and overlooking the sea; 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom. £9 per month, 3 months £24. Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**CAMPING HUTS FULLY EQUIPPED** close to sea and shops. Also Tent pitches and bed-sitting rooms. Boyle, Combe Martin, Devon.

**MEMBERSHIP OF THE INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU** brings relief.—Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

**PURE KENYA EMPIRE COFFEE**.—1/- lb.; 10 lbs. 10/-; 5 lbs. 5/6 post free. Freshly roasted—Whole berry or Ground—Tasting sample 3d. post free. Cash with order. Rowland Stimson & Co., 28, Tower Hill, London, E.C.3. Estab. 1885.

## ART GALLERIES

**FIFTY YEARS OF PORTRAITS** (1885-1935). Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture by famous artists. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, 10-6, Sats., 10-1.



# THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

## SOUTHERN RHODESIA'S AIR GESTURE

While the Baldwin-MacDonald Government has been affording the Empire the egregious spectacle of a "policy" that varies from a total neglect of the Air Defence of this country and the contemptuous treatment of a magnificently patriotic offer from Lady Houston to a sudden condition of panicky emergency measures to make good some of our Air deficiencies, one small unit of the King's Dominions overseas—the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia to wit—has been giving our so-called "National" politicians a lesson in true Imperial patriotism and air-mindedness.

The colony's resources, of course, are small, but its Government has always believed and acted on the belief that it has Imperial obligations.

The Hon. G. M. Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, was good enough to explain, in an interview by a special "Saturday Review" representative, the objects his Government have to view.

**Sat. R.:** Your interest in aviation is generally recognised. May I ask your views on the defence, or military, side of the matter as far as your own part of the world is concerned?

**Mr. H.:** Last year the Southern Rhodesian Parliament passed a resolution in favour of making a direct contribution to Imperial Defence. The Royal Navy was especially mentioned. Many of us liked that idea on sentimental grounds but when the matter was divorced from sentiment it seemed that the most practical and useful thing we could do was to start an Auxiliary Air Force.

Of course such a force would be attached to the R.A.F. as part of the general scheme of Imperial Defence. Our local defence people said that they would want a special military aerodrome, hangars, etc., but as we have pretty good civil aerodromes and only a few planes using them it seems an unnecessary expense to have to make duplicates for a few military machines. So I am looking into this side of the question before going any further.

**Sat. R.:** Do you anticipate that your proposed Auxiliary Force might be required in case of local disturbances or to defend Southern Rhodesia from trouble outside?

### SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH MR. HUGGINS

**Mr. H.:** Certainly not. We do not need it for ourselves. Its uses would be to train pilots and to be available, if required, anywhere in the Empire.

It must not be forgotten that our Territorial Force consists of such material that it is practically an Officers' Training Corps for times of emergency.

There is no doubt that if we are successful in establishing our Auxiliary Air Force in Southern Rhodesia we should, incidentally, be of considerable use to the two territories near us—Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland—but of course we should be much more use if we had troop

Empire in case of emergency.

**Sat. R.:** What do you calculate the expense of your scheme is going to be?

**Mr. H.:** We have only worked out things on a small scale so far. Our idea is to start with just a few planes for training purposes only. Of course we should be much more useful if we had machines for effective purposes as well.

The capital expenditure involved is the trouble. We can manage the running expenses but cannot afford to buy troop carriers, or fighting planes, besides machines for training purposes. But we have made a beginning.

We have encouraged De Havillands to come out to Rhodesia for we are anxious that our local civil flying services should be confined entirely to British machines and so keep out foreign competitors. As I say, we have come to an arrangement with De Havillands whereby some of our young fellows are



Salisbury (S. Rhodesia) Aerodrome

carriers. Northern Rhodesia, for instance, is almost defenceless.

**Sat. R.:** If the question is not indiscreet, have you discussed this matter in London?

**Mr. H.:** No, but I hope to do so soon. We wish to do our share towards Imperial Defence but there are many people in Southern Rhodesia who feel that if we make any direct considerable contribution towards assisting in the maintenance of a regular Unit of the R.A.F., we should have to scrap our own scheme and that does not appeal to them.

We want to train all our fit young men, who are willing, to be pilots.

**Sat. R.:** Then, if your scheme materialises you will relieve the R.A.F. of responsibility for your part of the sub-continent?

**Mr. H.:** That is the point. We should also have a reserve of pilots for service anywhere in the

being trained. But of course when we have our own Unit we shall need our own instructors. It is a beginning—modest, but in the right direction.

Just now we are hoping to turn out pilots at the rate of about 30 a year. Our ambition is eventually to have a reserve of several thousand.

**Sat. R.:** What are your views upon the return of Tanganyika to Germany?

**Mr. H.:** We are discussing aviation. The chain of British aerodromes between Cairo and the Cape would be broken and the Imperial Airways route laid wide open to flank attack. The R.A.F. is to civil aviation what the Royal Navy is to merchant shipping. If you have a foreign, and conceivably hostile, port along your trade routes you must be prepared to furnish special protection to your own vessels.

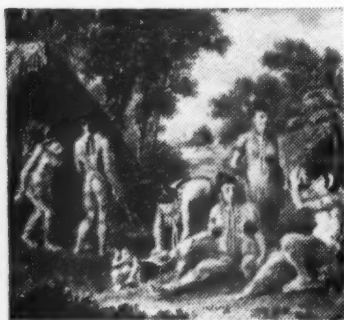
## FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

IV.—*The Caribs and the First British Colony in the West Indies.*

By Professor A. P. Newton.

WHEN Christopher Columbus, on his second voyage out from Spain to the new islands he had discovered across the Atlantic, touched at what we now call the Leeward Islands, he found their inhabitants very different from the gentle red-brown people he had met with before.

They were fierce and determined warriors who made frequent raids on their gentler neighbours, not so much to secure booty as to capture



A family of Caribs, island of St. Vincent. Constant raids by Caribs impeded the growth of English settlements in the Windwards

prisoners who might be fattened up for eating. This horrid practice of eating human flesh made a profound impression upon the Spaniards when they first learned of it and was one of the widest spread tales of the discoveries when the news of them circulated throughout Europe.

The people according to the Spaniards, were called "Caribali" and this name slightly distorted to "Canibali" came to signify in many European languages, savage eaters of human flesh, or in modern parlance cannibals.

The island homes of the Caribs included at first all the smaller islands of the Antilles running in an arc from north to south, from the Virgin Islands down to Trinidad. Thence they raided Porto Rico and the other large islands occupied by the Spaniards, and in the early days of the West Indies it often needed hard fighting to drive off their swarms of war canoes.

The Spaniards who had plenty of richer territory to occupy generally left the Caribbean Islands alone as not worth the cost and trouble it would take to conquer them.

The English raiders from the time of Drake onwards, who attacked Spanish commerce in the West Indies, used the Caribbean Islands as bases and refreshment stations and

from time to time they came into contact with the cannibals, but they never tried to make permanent settlements in the islands and merely used the natives as allies in their attacks upon the common enemy.

But in 1605 Englishmen were beginning to consider the establishment of plantation colonies to raise tobacco and some of them looked to the Caribbee Islands as fertile places in which to settle.

The first attempt was made in St. Lucia which was the home of some of the fiercest of the cannibal tribes. In 1605 sixty-seven Englishmen landed there and tried to start a settlement. But in a very short time the savages poured down upon them from the thick woods which covered the island, and slaughtered them or carried them off to a man.

The prisoners probably finished off in the cannibals' stew pots, and so the first English colony in the West Indies came to an ignoble end.

The next attempt was made four years later in Grenada when two hundred Englishmen from the City of London tried to settle, but again the venture ended in tragedy. The Caribs were stirred up against them by the Spanish Governor of Trinidad and they were slaughtered, captured, or driven off.

It was not until fourteen years later that success was achieved, and this time the scene of the attempt lay further to the north, in the Leeward Islands.

Thomas Warner, a Suffolk man, had tried tobacco planting in Guiana, but he found the conditions there too disturbed and on his way back to England he touched at the small island of St. Christopher which very much took his fancy. In 1623 he returned there with a small party and made friends with the Carib chief in the island who promised him his protection.

For some time Warner remained good friends with his hosts and his tobacco planting gave fair promise of profit. But soon the friendly feelings of the Caribs gave place to treacherous hostility, and Warner learned that they were planning to attack him. He resolved to be first and without warning the Englishmen fell upon the Caribs and drove them from the island.

Thenceforth the plantation went on in peace and so became the first permanent English colony in the West Indies, though Warner had to share St. Christopher with certain French settlers under d'Esnambuc who had arrived soon after him.

As time went on the Caribs were driven out of all the northern islands but St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada long remained as their strongholds.



Chatoyer, chief of the Carib Indians of St. Vincent, with his five wives

It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that they were conquered. By that time there had been an admixture of the Caribs with escaped negro slaves, and the Black Caribs, as they were called, demanded a serious effort before they were finally conquered and deported in 1796.

### South Africa's Jubilee Twenty-five Years

By G. Delop Stevenson

ON May 31st the Union of South Africa achieved its first twenty-five years. The country has made material advance which can be roughly gauged by the increase of its white population from 1,276,242 in 1911 to an estimated 1,920,400 in 1934, while another indication of progress is the extension of the railways from 7,576 miles of track in 1910 to 13,562 in 1935.

Unlike some of the other Dominions, however, the chief interest during this quarter of a century is not in economics but in politics. In Australia, Canada and New Zealand, economic questions, except during the war, have dominated politicians and Parliaments. In South Africa, however, the conflict of races and the political relationship with Great Britain have been all important.

The questions which existed at the time of the Union are still alive to-day and there is not the great cleavage which is found in many countries between the *pre* and *post-war* atmosphere.

The antagonism between Dutch and British has caused all the major political moves of the period. First in the pre-war days of Botha's government the more extreme Afrikaner elements broke away to form a nationalist party under Hertzog just as to-day, when Hertzog is at the head of a national Government, the Malanites have broken away from him.

There was the rebellion at the beginning of the war over South Africa's participation, and the same question of neutrality, in almost the same form, is still exciting material on political platforms. The difficulties about language from the beginning and the flag controversy which



reached its climax in 1926 are two other aspects of the quarrel. In spite of the Fusion Government the struggle between racialism and the idea of unity within the Empire has not yet ended.

Cutting across the Dutch versus Briton antipathy is the even more fundamental difficulty of Black versus White. From the Act of Union up to the present day South Africa was unable to make up her mind on native policy, and the transfer of the Protectorates under the Imperial Government also remained a question for the future.

This month, however, pronouncement has come and bills are to be introduced which should begin a definite policy of the segregation of the two colours. The transfer of the Protectorates was discussed in London about the same time, but the settlement of this question has again been postponed.

Yet another racial difficulty which has troubled the Union from the beginning is that of the Indian settlers, and like the native question it is likely to remain a problem in the future.

Though South Africa's main problems date from the Union, certain new elements have been introduced. There has been a development of a white Labour Party which, largely British in race, has sided with the Afrikaners in wishing to restrict the opportunities of the natives. There are also external contacts. South Africa fought the Germans in East and South West Africa during the war and has since administered South West Africa as a mandated territory.

She has thus become now concerned with international as well as internal and Imperial politics.

## Australian Delegation's Hopes

By Geoffrey Tebbutt.

MR. J. A. LYONS and his delegation of Australian Ministers are nearing the end of their visit to London. They may well feel a sense of disappointment at their inability so far to obtain any large-scale agreement with the British Government on the question of Australia's meat exports.

The barrier in their path has been the Argentine agreement. This was a child of Mr. Runciman's brain.

But the Argentine treaty expires in November, 1936. Whatever disappointments Mr. Lyons and his Ministers may have encountered with reference to the intervening period—and it is not to be supposed that the publicly assumed brotherliness of Mr. Thomas to his guests makes him any more amenable over the conference table—they have persisted in labours which may bring their reward when Britain's hands are free.

Rising above questions of tonnage and quotas and levies with which Ministers and experts of both sides have now wrestled in London for



Cutting Sugar Cane in Mauritius

more than two months, there is Australia's plea for the recognition of the development of a trade which, given sufficient outlet here, must mean increased opportunity for British people and British capital.

"Does Britain consider Australia a liability or an asset?" ask, in effect, the Commonwealth Ministers when they appeal to Whitehall to think ahead and think of the wider Imperial implications of the case for development which Mr. Lyons is putting to them.

No solution of the meat import problem is going to give all-round satisfaction. Britain herself, wavering on the question of subsidising home-produced beef, speaks with no clear voice; the Dominions, notably Australia and New Zealand, have basic differences of opinion.

Yet, in regard to the purely Anglo-Australian aspect of the Empire negotiations now proceeding, Britain has an opportunity to bind Australia closer to her.

## Canada's Loch Ness Monsters

THE fossilised remains of two prehistoric "sea serpents" are now being prepared for exhibition purposes in Canada. Dug from clay beds in Manitoba where they lay buried for an estimated period of sixty million years, the remains are to be set up in the National Museum, Ottawa.

The larger of the two skeletons, according to the Dominion Department of Mines, is the largest of which there is any record. As excavated it measures thirty-three feet, but a considerable portion of the tail is missing. Its total length probably exceeded forty feet. The smaller mosasaur skeleton is fifteen feet long, but that, too, is minus a portion of its tail.

The two skeletons are the first important find of remains of mosasaurs in Canada, although fragments have been discovered a few miles north of the site where the present find was made.

## What Sugar Means to Mauritius

By Marie de Grasse Ramsay.

FOR over 25 years I had known through intimate friends of the various ups and downs of Mauritius. Sugar, cyclones, havoc mixed with beauty, happiness, success, have been familiar words. Hopes in Tea or Tobacco or Vanilla I have become keenly thrilled over, and grieved with my friends over the failures in making any of these an economic success, and then I visited Mauritius for myself.

I knew sugar was the main existence of Mauritius, but had not quite visualised all what this meant. We drove in many directions—gorgeous mountain scenery, alluring sea-shores with fascinating island views, charming private houses and gardens—but it was sugar, sugar, sugar everywhere that held one's attention. It must be remembered when thinking of the people of this exquisite Island that every one has *all* their eggs in the same basket.

And in Mauritius nothing is so important as the weather. There is always the possibility of a cyclone that may create widespread havoc.

Early on my arrival in the island I sampled a mild edition of one of these cyclones. We first heard of it miles away, travelling at 10 miles per hour straight towards us.

### PREPARING FOR THE STORM

Then started a series of precautions. Bird cages were taken inside verandahs where they could easily be covered up in sackcloth. Shutters in awkward places were closed, chickens were fetched in, candle and match supplies were looked into and placed in convenient and handy places, as, if a storm is bad, electricity is turned off at the works. The barometer was visited every hour, and slowly, slowly, it went down. All through the day came gusts and occasional heavy showers, and at last, in the evening the message from the Observatory, "the

cyclone had sat down and showed no inclination to move," and so the night wore on.

The next day was but an intensified repetition of the day before, only everything became more and more damp, and nerves and gloom more to the fore, and all engagements outside of the house were cancelled. It reminded me of waiting the result of an operation, the grimness of it all.

The six o'clock news, however, brought something more definite, the cyclone was 60 miles away travelling about 10 miles per hour and was not a big one. So everything was well tucked in and all shutters closed and barred, but as nothing could be done, everyone that night went quietly to bed and to sleep.

Somewhere between eleven and midnight was the time calculated for the cyclone to pass over. The wind by this time had much increased and the rain was making a battling noise. About eleven the storm struck the house with shrieks and yells and whistles as of a hundred ghosts. The rain was so thick that it was impossible to make out anything through the window, and I had been cautioned on no account to open my door as it might be torn out of my hands. I heard branches go, and wondered every moment when a tree would fall and hit the roof of my room.

In this state of tension I could not get away from the thought of the canes; it seemed with every gust I saw another field blown flat and all the far reaching loss that meant. Then daylight came and I, too, slept.

Next day I heard it had been but a tiny cyclone, and very little damage had been done.

Mauritius is the cheapest producing country in the world for sugar excepting Java, and the exception is due to the fact that Java has an almost limitless area to cultivate.

In Mauritius, owing to limits of space, the ground has (if good crops are required) to be kept in such an

## Empire Diary

**May 31—The King holds a levée, St. James's Palace.** 25th anniversary of the proclamation of the Union of South Africa. Australian reception and ball at Australia House.

**June 3—The King's Birthday.**

The Prince of Wales lays the foundation stone of the new building of the Royal Empire Society, in Northumberland Avenue, at 3.30 p.m.

**Derby Ball in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital, at Grosvenor House.** The Duke and Duchess of Kent have consented to be present.

**June 4—The Duke of Kent at the Jewels of Empire Ball, in aid of Papworth Village Settlement, at Grosvenor House.**

**June 5—The Derby.**

**June 6—Seventh Annual British Empire Garden Party at Roehampton Club, at 2.45 p.m.** President, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. The High Commissioners and Agents General will be present.

**Epsom Summer Meeting: Coronation Cup.**

**June 7—The Oaks.**

The Seventh Annual Exhibition of Pictures will be held by the British Empire Society of Arts, at the Imperial Gallery, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, S.W.7, from June 1st to June 17th.

The Royal Empire Society has arranged a three days' cruise for Fellows of the Society and their friends wishing to attend the Review of the Fleet at Spithead on July 16th. Applications for reservations should be made to E. G. Parker, Social Organiser and Reception Secretary, The Royal Empire Society, 17, Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W.1.

Al condition that it is almost at virgin state all the time; this means a big expense in fertilisers.

Then, after twelve or fifteen months of watching and daily work keeping the fields clean and the pests down, there is still always the risk of a total failure, due to a cyclone, when the canes get broken off to the ground. This means disaster to the planters and those dependent on them.

## THE CREDIT SYSTEM

No wonder the barometer is watched and the words from the Observatory listened to like the Bible. The system of existence is on the principle of "The House that Jack built." The owner buys the necessities—be they fertilisers or factory needs—from one of the agents for such things in Mauritius, but, needless to say, does not pay for them in cash, but has credit on the sale of the sugar. This plan goes on down the scale to the labourer, who, known to be a steady worker, is allowed credit to procure his rice, etc., until he shall have started to work, maybe in three months' time.

Apart from the ravages of cyclones, there is also the risk of a serious drop in prices.

In 1929 the Chamber of Agriculture took special measures. A report was drawn up by the late Sir Francis Watts on the whole sugar question, and a sliding scale was strongly recommended, but it was never seemingly thought possible that the price of sugar could still go down, when in 1932 this was agreed to. If a real sliding scale had been adopted to act both ways, the Island of Mauritius would not be in the anxious, critically anxious state it is at the moment.

If sugar ceased to pay in Mauritius, the English and French settlers would either starve or have to be repatriated. And what would happen to the coloured people and the 300,000 or so Indians?

## LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

**Air Mail Passengers.**—Mr. Eylet, from Salisbury; Mr. A. Marrat, Nairobi; and Captain and Mrs. Moreing from Kisumu, while the machine which arrived on May 19 brought Mr. F. C. Kenny and Mr. Hendry, from Salisbury, and Mr. Caldwell, from Mbeya.

**East Africa.**—H. R. Montgomery, The Sports Club, St. James Square, S.W.1; J. B. Philip, 13, Edgar Road, Winchester; W. E. D. Knight, Limuru, Ashlyne Road, Berkhamsted; A. F. Campbell, Harewood Park, Hereford; S. R. Denny, 295, King's Road, Kingston Hill; R. McMillan Sweet, Connaught Club, London, W.2; D. Somen, Conway Court Hotel, 43, Gloucester Terrace, W.2; C. T. Soames, Gladwyn, Garsford, N. Wales; Captain H. M. Naylor, Old House, Catmorden, Cirencester.

**Australia.**—Mrs. J. K. Harrison, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Small and family, of Sydney; Misses R. M. and K. H. Mackay, of Warialda, N.S.W.; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Scott, returning from a visit to Australia; Mr. George Nesbitt, member of the N.S.W. Legislative Council, and Mrs. Nesbitt; Mrs. Norman Pilcher and Miss Helen Pilcher, of Sydney; Mr. A. Comrie Cowan, a London paper merchant returning from a business visit to Australia with Mrs. Cowan; Mr. E. L. Paget, returning from a visit to Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Culpitt, of Newcastle, N.S.W.; Mrs. E. de M. Eyres, of Sydney; Mrs. E. Pitt and Mrs. Septimus Smith, of Sydney; Mrs. G. W. McArthur, of Sydney; Dr. L. J. Jarvis Nye, a Brisbane surgeon who was honorary physician to the Duke of Gloucester in Queensland; Mr. W. A. Gibson, of Messers. Goldsbrough Mort, Melbourne, with Mrs. Gibson and Miss Elaine Gibson; Mr. J. R. Barter, shipping manager of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, from Melbourne; Mr. and Mrs. O. Gilpin, of Melbourne; Mr. Frank Wittenoon, a West Australian pastoralist and committee man of the West Australian Jockey Club.

**Canada.**—Mr. A. H. Buckley, president, Buckley's Ltd. (drugs), Halifax, Savoy Hotel; Prof. W. F. Osborne, of the University of

Manitoba, Winnipeg, 64, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3; Mr. M. N. Paterson, president, M. M. Paterson and Co., Ltd. (elevators), c/o Dominion Bank; Mr. T. B. Williamson, of H. S. Howland and Co. (wholesale hardware), Toronto, c/o Bank of Montreal, Waterloo Place; The Most Rev. A. U. de Pencier, Archbishop of New Westminster, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster; Mr. T. L. Moffat, president and secretary-treasurer, Moffat's, Ltd., Weston, Ont.; Mr. N. A. Yarrow, president of Yarrow's, Ltd., and Mrs. and Misses C. N. and D. V. Yarrow, Victoria, in London; Mrs. G. Washington Stevens, Montreal, Grosvenor House; Professor Gilbert Jackson, of Toronto University, Waldorf Hotel; Mr. T. P. Oxenham Menzies, Museum Curator, Vancouver, Lympington; Mr. A. B. Oxley, engineer, Philco Products, Ltd., of Canada, Toronto, Ealing; Lieut.-Col. H. A. Genet, p.s.o. retired, and now on the Reserve of Officers' List, Ottawa, Redhill; Mr. C. R. Dent, secretary, Confederation Life Association, Toronto, 14, Bury Court, Jermyn St.; Judge P. S. Lampman, of the County Court, Victoria, and Mrs. Lampman, 10, Craven Hill, Hyde Park; Mr. Alexander H. Beaton, president, National Life Assurance Co. of Canada, Toronto, Brown's Hotel; Mr. Henry Knell, director, Waterloo Trust and Savings Co., and Waterloo Bond Corporation, Grosvenor House, W.1; Mr. N. R. Howden, president, D. H. Howden and Co., Ltd. (hardware, etc.), Toronto, c/o Bank of Montreal, Waterloo Place; Mr. Morris W. Wilson, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, the Hon. Gordon W. Scott, of Quebec, and Mr. John L. Miller, of Halifax, Savoy Hotel; Mr. Owen Mends, secretary-treasurer, Westco Pump and Machinery, Ltd., Toronto, and Mrs. Mends, Mount Royal, Marble Arch; Mr. W. A. Scott, of Sudbury, Ontario, Savoy Hotel; E. G. Chulman, Vancouver, B.C., 61, High Street, Tonbridge, Kent; Jack Pilling, Vancouver, B.C., 42, Norman Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea; Mrs. A. W. Jones, Victoria, B.C., Cumberland Hotel, W.1; Miss M. Jones, Victoria, B.C., Cumberland Hotel, W.1; Mr. and Mrs. J. St. C. Harvey, Victoria, B.C., 19, Percival Road, Clifton, Bristol; Nesta Ellis, Victoria, B.C., Romney Club, 1, Trebovir Road, S.W.6.





# If France Leaves Gold

(By Our City Editor)

**A**FTER a period of comparatively stable foreign exchanges, the severe attack made on the franc in the past week or so brings to the fore once again the possibility of France being forced off the gold standard, and it is generally taken for granted that such a step would be followed by devaluation by Holland, Switzerland and others of the European "gold bloc," which Belgium has already deserted. He would be a bold man who would prophesy the time and manner of France's departure from gold, but roughly it becomes a question of whether the American experiment can raise world prices before France's defence of the franc gives way. France has gold reserves in her central bank amounting to £1,000,000,000 at present rate of exchange, and if she were prepared to use these to the full the attack might be staved off for sufficiently long a time to allow of a recovery in prices. But at the moment the relief of the franc appears unlikely. France must either devalue or deflate, and political influences have so far proved too strong for every country which has attempted the latter unpleasant course.

## Franc Devaluation Effects

It cannot be pretended that the immediate effects of franc devaluation would be beneficial to this country, for the present slight aid given to our export trade by the undervaluation of the £ in relation to the Continental currencies would then disappear. But this is a small factor in comparison with the benefits which would result if the way were paved for a removal of exchange restrictions and other international trade barriers. On the Stock Exchange, therefore, the devaluation of the franc might be expected to cause some recession in British industrials, in which case they would be well worth a purchase, for in almost every case large benefits would accrue to the companies in the long run from any substantial increase in foreign trade. There would, however, arise the necessity for immediate protection of certain of our home industries against dumped Continental goods.

Franc devaluation cannot be regarded as a "bull point" for British Government and other fixed interest stocks, for, taking a long view, it can only be viewed as likely to form the basis for dearer money. This would not, as so many people appear to think, be a hindrance to trade expansion, for

one of the worst features of the present situation is the artificial cheapness of money, which lies idle solely owing to the impracticability of investing it outside Great Britain. Lastly, we have to consider the effect on the price of gold and therefore on gold mining shares. If France leaves the gold standard, the price of gold will become dependent upon the American official price of \$35 per ounce, and this would mean little immediate change in the price in London. Should America's official market for gold cease to exist and the price become dependent upon the metal's probable future value, we have to remember that America, France, and even Great Britain have large gold reserves, and it is upon the profit to be derived from writing up the currency value of these that America and France, and to a lesser extent Great Britain, are dependent for expanding credit and extinguishing the burden of debt.

## The Rubber Outlook

The outlook for Rubber is brighter than for some time past and though the price at just over 6d. per lb. is not as high as most of the producers would like, it has, nevertheless, remained steady despite the uncertainties engendered by the disturbance in the Continental Exchanges. So far this year, the Regulation scheme must have proved disappointing to the producers for the rise in costs, particularly in Malaya, which has followed the imposition of restriction, has not been accompanied by a proportionate rise in the price of the commodity. The position is, however, now far more satisfactory and the undoubted merits of the Regulation Scheme seem likely at last to bring their true reward to the companies though it may not be shown in the current year's reports.

## The Argentine Loan

The poor response given to the Argentine loan of £3,100,000 issued in 4½ per cent. at 94 last week, underwriters being left with about 72 per cent. of the amount offered, is an indication that the Republic has largely forfeited the confidence of the London market, though Argentina has been one of the most honest of Britain's debtors. The experience of the British investor has imparted a distaste for all foreign loans not possessing the guarantee of the British Government, and by her treatment of British capital invested in private enterprise, Argentina has contributed to this distrust. Hardly a holder of preference or ordinary stocks of the Argentine Railways is receiving any return on his capital and this cannot be expected to encourage investment in Argentine Government bonds, though Argentina has never defaulted on her Government debt. When, in addition, holders of shares in Argentine land companies, utility undertakings, and other enterprises financed with British capital, are without any dividends owing to lack of exchange and unremunerative rates.

**INSURE**

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**"DIFFERENT" HOLIDAYS****ROUNDING THE COAST**

By "Blenheim"

TO get to the little town of Poole, in Dorset, by the Southern Railway, it takes about two or three hours from Waterloo Station. To cover the same distance in a motor cruiser has taken a reader, who has just written to me, over ten days. But it was the most wonderful period he has ever spent in his life, he tells me.

"I had just bought a 5-ton motor-cruiser and wanted to moor it at Poole for the summer, so I set out from Thorneycroft's yard at Hampton with a pal who knew all about cruisers.

"We ambled our way leisurely along the coast, stopping here for a night and there for a couple of days. We put into Holehaven in the Thames, Margate for orders, Ramsgate for beer, Dover, Newhaven, Shoreham, lay off Eastbourne for a sunny afternoon, Littlehampton, anchored off Bournemouth pier for the night because it was too late for Poole, and then found our mooring at Sandbanks.

"It took up nearly the whole of my summer holiday, but I was never happier or healthier in my life than at end of that fortnight. We had made new friends all along the coast, and gained an experience which is at the disposal of everyone who wants to spend a holiday which is quite different from any other and who cares to hire a cabin-cruiser."

Mr. X's letter is too long to reproduce here, but he speaks highly of the hospitality offered him by various yachting clubs along the coast, and of the spirit of camaraderie which exists among the whole fraternity.

**Practical Hints**

Allen & Unwin, the publishers, have sent me a new book which they have just issued, called "Building a Little Ship," by W. H. Johnston, which is one of the best guides to buying your own boat that I have yet struck. It is full of really practical hints for the man who is about to buy a boat, whether sailing or motor. Mr. Johnston found himself "too old even for a comfortable position in the back row of the scrum," so set about finding a manly hobby which would fill his week-ends and not cost too much. And he found it in "boat-sailing without brass buttons."

It is, as the writer urges, just the hobby for the retired man of either Service with an active brain and body. At Itchenor, near Chichester, this week-end I met an elderly gentleman—retired Army, age about 68—brown, ruddy through exposure to the open air, who was running a 5-tonner with his son, and who looked good for another twenty years. "Yet when I retired from the Army," he told me, "I thought I should die of sheer boredom."

Which goes to show that age is no obstacle to becoming a boat-sailing man. You can start off with a sailing dinghy at the age of 20—or earlier, if you can afford it—and gradually work your way up to a 10-tonner or more, according to your purse.

**CINEMA****NOEL COWARD'S SCREEN DEBUT**

By Mark Forrest

MR. NOEL COWARD has entered yet another sphere of activity; he has tried his skill at film acting and he has made an extraordinary good job of it. I did not expect him to do anything else, for he is a first-rate actor on the stage and, provided he got a part in the pictures which bore some resemblance to his personality, it was very unlikely that he would make a mess of it.

The vehicle in which he chose to make his bow is the new film at the Plaza entitled *The Scoundrel*, and the team responsible for its script, photography and production is that which recently produced that very interesting picture, *Crime Without Passion*. This band consists of Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur and Lee Garmes who, shaking the dust of Hollywood from their feet, established themselves at Long Island with the avowed intention of making films which are "different."

**A Cynical Publisher**

With *The Scoundrel* they have certainly succeeded in producing a film totally unlike any other I have seen, but the finished product is not worth the effort. Opening with more talk and less action to a foot of celluloid than I remember hearing before, it tells the tale of a cynical publisher who is so heartless that when he dies he hasn't a single friend.

Betraying and abandoning all his female companions and "outsmarting" all his male, he is eventually drowned when the aeroplane in which he is a passenger plunges into the ocean. Thus far, with the exception of the heroine all the characters have been engaged in a battle of epigrams, most of which are as heavy as old cannon balls.

With his death, however, the picture becomes metaphysical. Gone is the layer of sugar and in its place we have a little almond icing, but nowhere is there any cake. Will no-one weep for the dead cynic? For if no-one weeps, then he is condemned to eternal loneliness. The attempt to make the heroine weep is so involved that the second mood of the film is more irritating than the first.

With Noel Coward is Julie Haydon, who plays the girl whom the publisher finds too good to be true. Here is a sensitive performance from an actress who has a personality somewhat removed from the usual American pattern and I am looking forward to her next film.

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LAST WEEK "BROTHERS KARAMAZOV"

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**"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS" (A)**

## THEATRE NOTES

### "Roulette"

#### Duke of York's Theatre

By Laszlo Fodor and Harry Graham.

**I**F one is able to assume with the author that the ruling passion of the confirmed Monte Carlo gambler is so strong that it will induce him to leave his bride of a few hours to dine and sleep alone on her wedding-night while he squanders their all at the tables, one can settle down happily to admire the ingenious way in which the author has worked out a series of highly diverting theatrical situations.

As to the protagonists, Miss Hella Kurty is charming and shows a bubbling sense of comedy; Miss Margaret Rawlings gives a first-rate performance as the "mascotte"; Mr. Robert Newton is sound as the business-man and Mr. Nigel Patrick deals gamely with an intractable part as the husband.

If it comes to acting, however, any play in which Mr. Austin Trevor appears is bound to have at least one bright moment, especially if he appears as a waiter. In fact, he is so perfect a head waiter that he naturally inspires his subordinates, and we are fortunate in being able to watch Messrs. Richard Newton and Eadie Palfrey, who are equally convincing on their less exalted step of the hierarchy.

The producer, Eugene Robert, has done his work excellently and though Mr. Harry Graham must have had his troubles in preparing an acceptable English version of the original by Laszlo Fodor, he has accomplished marvels.

### "Chase the Ace"

#### Daly's Theatre

By Antony Kimmins

With quite an interesting plot, some very amusing dialogue and a good deal of suspense, the first two acts of this "thriller" held the attention of the audience. The last act, however, was, to my mind at least, a disappointment. There were excellent performances by Warburton Gamble, Marie Lohr, George Gelph and Jack Raine, but several of the rest of the large cast were at times quite inaudible. Edward Chapman, as usual, gave a painstaking performance but failed to take full advantage of the opportunities offered by the author in the last act. There were, too, one or two loose ends that might have been neatly tied before the final curtain.

### "Jack o' Diamonds"

#### Cambridge Theatre

By Clifford Grey, H. F. Maltby and Noel Gay

Having seen and enjoyed this musical play at the Gaiety some months ago, I did not anticipate a more than average evening's enjoyment at the Cambridge Theatre. It was therefore a pleasurable surprise to see freshness, spontaneity, excellent team-work and a most acceptable "filling-in" of individual performances from a first-rate cast which included Bobbie Comber, Violet Compton,

Greta Fayne, Richard Dolman, Joan Paynter, that talented and delightful comedienne Zelma O'Neill and the, to my mind, unusually clever and "natural" comedian, Reginald Purdell. It was well worth a second visit.

### "The Gay Deceivers"

#### The Gaiety Theatre

Reginald Arkell has adapted the book of this musical comedy from the French and has made a most amusing job of it. Messrs. Moises Simon and Martin Broones have conspired to add charming and tuneful music to which Debroy Somers and his band give the fullest justice. In addition, a chorus of very beautiful and capable young ladies and some half-dozen or so well-turned-out and clever young men support an admirable cast. The gay deceivers themselves, Clifford Mollison and Dave Hutcheson, make an excellent pair and exchange personalities with the lightest of hearts. Gina Malo and Claire Luce give of their very best; the latter is to be congratulated on her choice of a dancing partner—an extremely clever young man who is not mentioned in the programme as far as I could discover. Ivor Barnard, as usual, made the very most of a small part. The honours of the evening should, however, go to Charlotte Greenwood, whose attractive personality and quite unusual ability as a comedienne filled me with delight.

Any production by William Mollison is bound to be competent, and on this occasion he was wise enough to secure the collaboration of Clifford Pember and Betty Boor for the decor and the very delightful costumes. C.S.



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